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v. H. 1827.
SELECT PORTIONS

OF
PSALMS AND HYMNS,

TAKEN
FROM VARIOUS COLLECTIONS,

AND
ADAPTED TO PUBLIC WORSHIP.

WITH
A SHORT APPENDIX,

CONTAINING
SOME COMPOSITIONS

OF

A late distinguished Prelate.

R. Heber

"My heart is fixed, O God, my heart is fixed: I will sing and
give praise."—Ps. lvii. 8.

[ENTERED AT STATIONER'S HALL.]

Welsh-Pool:

PRINTED AND SOLD BY R. OWEN.

1827.

84.



PREFACE.

THE antiquity, the use and importance of Psalmody are so generally admitted, that it would be superfluous to adduce any arguments, or to refer to any authorities on these subjects: It is however to be lamented, that while the peculiar fitness of thus addressing our praises to GOD is acknowledged, too little attention has been paid to this beautiful and sublime portion of our Church service.

In some Congregations, not only the performance itself, but the choice of the words and tunes rests altogether with two or three individuals who are by no means qualified for the office; and whose behaviour during other parts of the service is too often at variance with the solemn ends of public worship. In others, where there

is no cause to complain of want of skilfulness in the choir, there is a custom, either for the sake of variety, or for the less laudable purpose of display, of introducing tunes which are lamentably deficient in devotional expression. "*In Church musick*" says the judicious Hooker "*curiosity and ostentation of art, light or unsuitable harmony, such as only pleaseth the ear and doth not naturally serve to the very kind and degree of those impressions, which the matter that goeth before leaveth, or ought to leave on men's minds, doth rather blemish or disgrace that we do than add either beauty or furtherance unto it.*" Much however as it is to be desired that the tunes should be solemn and adapted as far as possible to the sense, yet the proper object of Psalmody will not be attained, unless they are likewise so plain and easy as to enable the congregation to bear their part in them; for the Choir in a parish Church is not intended to confine within itself the privilege of holy song, but to lead

and assist the people in that delightful part of their common worship; and how much of influence and sympathy is lost by *their* remaining silent can be conceived by none but those who have witnessed the effect of a whole congregation, with united voice, praising and glorifying God. Indeed a return to the ancient and excellent practice of CONGREGATIONAL SINGING would be calculated probably more than any other measure to improve our Psalmody in the respects alluded to, and at the same time might prove effectual to quicken our attention and elevate our thoughts, leaving, (as is sometimes the case, even under its present defective performance) such deep impressions upon the heart of the goodness, the mercy, and the excellent Majesty of God, and of the salvation wrought by his Son JESUS CHRIST, as would tend greatly, to produce and keep alive in us an habitual cheerfulness of temper, holy dispositions, and devout-affections.

The Editor has only further to state,



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...the present
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...supply appro-
...which our
...solemnity
...may seem to

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ERRATA.

- Page 10, v. 5, for "*the*" r. "*this*."
47, v. 4, for "*Best*" r. "*Blest*."
100, H. 47, v. 4, for "*langour*" r. "*languor*."
102, H. 50, v. 1, for "*ameful*" r. "*awful*."

PSALMS.



PSALM I. C. M.

- 1 How blest is he who ne'er consents
By ill advice to walk ;
Nor stands in sinners' ways, nor sits
Where men profanely talk.
- 2 But makes the perfect law of God
His bus'ness and delight,
Devoutly reads therein by day,
And meditates by night.
- 3 Like some fair tree, which, fed by streams,
With timely fruit does bend,
He still shall flourish, and success
All his designs attend.
- 4 For God approves the just man's ways,
To happiness they tend ;
But sinners, and the paths they tread,
Shall both in ruin end.

PSALM III. L. M.

- 1 O God, how endless is thy love !
Thy gifts are ev'ry ev'ning new,
And morning mercies from above
Gently distil like early dew.
- 2 Thou spread'st the curtain of the night,
Great Guardian of our sleeping hours ;
Thy sov'reign word restores the light,
And quickens all our drowsy pow'rs.
- 3 Lord, may we yield to thy command ;
To Thee still consecrate our days :
Perpetual blessings from thine hand
Demand perpetual songs of praise.

PSALM IV. C. M.

- 1 IN vain the thoughtless world enquires,
Forgetful of their God,
" Who shall supply all our desires,
" Or shew us any good ? "
- 2 Through the wide compass of the earth
Their restless wishes rove,
In search of honour, wealth, and mirth,
The idols of their love.
- 3 But oft these shadowy joys elude
Their most intense pursuit ;
Or, if they seize the fancied good,
There's poison in the fruit.

- 4 From this vain world, Lord, wean our
 Set our affections right; [love;
 May we by faith seek joys above,
 And walk no more by sight.

PSALM V. C. M.

- 1 LORD, hear the voice of my complaint,
 Accept my secret pray'r;
 To Thee alone, my King, my God,
 Will I for help repair.
- 2 Thou in the morn my voice shalt hear,
 And with the dawning day,
 To Thee devoutly I'll look up,
 To Thee devoutly pray.
- 3 Oh, may thy Spirit guide my feet
 In ways of righteousness;
 Make ev'ry path of duty straight,
 And plain before my face.
- 4 To righteous men the righteous Lord
 His blessing will extend,
 And with His favor all His saints,
 As with a shield, defend.

PSALM VI. C. M.

- 1 IN tender mercy, not in wrath,
 Rebuke us, gracious God!
 Lest, if thy whole displeasure rise,
 We fall beneath thy rod.

- 2 Touch'd by thy Spirit's quick'ning pow'r,
Our load of guilt we feel;
The wounds thy Spirit hath unclos'd,
Oh! let that Spirit heal.
- 3 Oppress'd with Satan's galling yoke,
Must we for ever mourn?
And wilt Thou not at length, O God!
In pitying love return?
- 4 Oh! come with speed, ere life expire
And shew thy power to save:
For who shall sing thy name in death,
Or praise Thee in the grave?
- 5 Why should our souls distrust thy grace,
Or yield to dread despair?
Thou wilt fulfil thy promis'd word,
And grant us all our prayer.

~~~~~

PSALM VIII. C. M.

- 1 O THOU, to whom all creatures bow,  
Within this earthly frame,  
Through all the world how great art  
How glorious is thy Name! [Thou!
- 2 In heav'n thy wond'rous acts are sung,  
Nor fully reckon'd there;  
And yet Thou mak'st the infant tongue  
Thy boundless praise declare.

- 3 When heav'n, thy beauteous work on  
 Employs my wond'ring sight, [high,  
 The moon that nightly rules the sky,  
 With stars of feebler light.
- 4 What's man, O Lord, that Thou should'st  
 To keep him in thy mind? [love  
 Man's offspring what, that Thou should'st  
 To them so wond'rous kind? [prove
- 5 O Thou, to whom all creatures bow,  
 Within this earthly frame,  
 Through all the world how great art  
 How glorious is thy Name! [Thou!



PSALM IX. C. M.

- 1 To celebrate thy praise, O Lord,  
 I will my heart prepare;  
 To all the list'ning world thy works,  
 Thy wond'rous works declare.
- 2 The thought of them shall to my soul  
 Exalted pleasure bring;  
 Whilst to thy Name, O Thou most High!  
 Triumphant praise I sing.
- 3 All those who have His goodness prov'd  
 Will in His truth confide,  
 Whose mercy ne'er forsook the man  
 That on His help relied.

- 4 Sing praises, therefore, to the Lord,  
 From Sion, His abode ;  
 Proclaim His deeds, till all the world  
 Confess no other God.

PSALM XII. C. M.

- 1 O LORD, arise and help thy Church !  
 Behold, the godly cease,  
 Justice declines ; the faithful fail ;  
 Iniquities increase.
- 2 Proud in their blasphemies and sins,  
 In vanities and lies,  
 They dare insult thy holy word,  
 Thy sacred truths despise.
- 3 But Lord, salvation is with Thee,  
 Nor shall thy foes prevail.  
 Thy word of promise stands confess'd,  
 Thy Church shall never fail.
- 4 Thou Lord, wilt ever keep thy saints,  
 Their cause Thou mak'st thy own :  
 The faith, that's built upon thy word  
 Shall ne'er be overthrown.

PSALM XIII. C. M.

- 1 How long wilt Thou forget me, Lord ?  
 Must I for ever mourn ?  
 How long wilt Thou withdraw from me,  
 Oh ! never to return ?

- 2 How long shall anxious thoughts my soul,  
And grief my heart oppress?  
How long mine enemies insult,  
And I have no redress?
- 3 Since I have always plac'd my trust  
Beneath thy mercy's wing,  
Thy saving health will come, and then  
My heart with joy shall spring:
- 4 Then shall my song, with praise inspir'd  
To Thee, my God, ascend;  
Who to thy servant in distress  
Such bounty did'st extend.
- ~~~~~

## PSALM XV. 7s.

- 1 Who shall to thy chosen seat  
Turn in glad approach his feet?  
Who, great God, a welcome guest,  
On thy hallow'd mountain rest?
- 2 He whose heart thy love hath warm'd;  
He whose will, to thine conform'd,  
Bids his life unsullied run:  
He whose thought and word are one;
- 3 He who ne'er with cruel aim  
Seeks to wound an honest fame;  
Nor, with gloomy joy possess'd,  
Can a brother's peace molest:

- 4 Who from foolish boasting free,  
Turns his lowly heart to Thee,  
And to each who Thee obeys  
Love and cheerful rev'rence pays.
- 5 He who thus, with zeal unfeign'd,  
Treads the path by Thee ordain'd;  
He, great God, shall own thy care,  
And thy constant blessing share.

PSALM XVI. C. M.


- 1 MY lot is fall'n in that blest land  
Where God is truly known;  
He fills my cup with lib'ral hand;  
'Tis He supports the throne.
- 2 Therefore my soul shall bless the Lord,  
Whose precepts give me light,  
And private counsel still afford  
In sorrow's bitter night.
- 3 I strive each action to approve  
To His all-seeing eye;  
No danger shall my hopes remove,  
Because He still is nigh.
- 4 Therefore my heart all grief defies,  
My glory does rejoice;  
My flesh shall rest in hope to rise,  
Wak'd by His pow'rful voice.

## PSALM XVIII. C. M.

- 1 **WHEN** sore beset with pain and grief,  
I pray'd to God for grace;  
And He forthwith heard my complaint,  
Out of His holy place.
- 2 The Lord descended from above,  
And bow'd the heav'ns most high;  
And underneath His feet He cast  
The darkness of the sky.
- 3 On Cherub and on Cherubim  
Full royally He rode,  
And on the wings of mighty winds,  
Came flying all abroad.
- 4 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
All glory be therefore;  
As in beginning, was, is now,  
And shall be evermore.

~~~~~  
PSALM XIX. L. M.

- 1 **THE** spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heav'ns, a shining frame,
Their Great Original proclaim.
- 2 Th' unwearied sun from day to day,
Doth his Creator's power display,
And publishes to ev'ry land
The work of an Almighty hand.

- 3 Soon as the ev'ning shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wond'rous tale,
And, nightly, to the list'ning earth
Repeats the story of her birth ;
- 4 Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.
- 5 What though, in solemn silence, all
Move round the dark terrestrial ball ;
What though no real voice or sound
Amid their radiant orbs be found ;
- 6 In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice ;
For ever singing, as they shine,
"The Hand that made us is divine !"
- 

PSALM XIX. Second Version. C. M.

- 1 THE heav'ns declare thy glory, Lord,
Which that alone can fill ;
The firmament and stars express
Their great CREATOR's skill.
- 2 The dawn of each returning day
Fresh beams of knowledge brings,
And from the dark returns of night
Divine instruction springs.

- 3 Their pow'rful language to no realm
Or region is confin'd :
'Tis Nature's voice, and understood
Alike by all mankind.

PSALM XX. L. M.

- 1 THE God, whom heav'n and earth obey,
Did shield us in the dreadful day ;
The God of battles o'er our head
His own victorious banner spread.
- 2 The God of battles Thee we own ;
The vict'ry, Lord, is thine alone :
To Thee our grateful hearts we raise,
And own thy hand, and sing thy praise.
- 3 Oh ! when we praise and when we pray,
Do Thou, whom heav'n and earth obey,
Accept the praise, confirm the prayer,
And make our safety still thy care.

PSALM XXI. C. M.

- 1 THE king, O Lord, with songs of praise
Shall in thy strength rejoice ;
With thy salvation crown'd, shall raise
To heav'n his cheerful voice.
- 2 Thy sure defence through nations round
Has spread his glorious name ;
And his successful actions crown'd
With majesty and fame.

- 3 Because the king on God alone
For timely aid relies ;
His mercy still supports his throne,
And all his wants supplies.

~~~~~  
PSALM XXII. C. M.

- 1 My God, my God, why leav'st thou me  
When I with anguish faint ?  
O why so far from me remov'd,  
And from my loud complaint ?
- 2 All day, but all the day unheard,  
To Thee do I complain ;  
With cries implore relief all night,  
But cry all night in vain.
- 3 Withdraw not then so far from me,  
When trouble is so nigh ;  
O send me help ! thy help, on which  
I only can rely.
- 4 Thus in thy sacred courts will I  
My cheerful thanks express ;  
In presence of thy saints perform  
The vows of my distress.

~~~~~  
PSALM XXIII. C. M.

- 1 My Shepherd is the living Lord,
Nothing therefore I need ;
In pastures fair, near pleasant streams,
He setteth me to feed.

- 2 He shall convert and glad my soul,
And bring my mind in frame,
To walk in paths of righteousness,
For His most holy name.
- 3 Yea, though I walk in vale of death
Yet will I fear no ill;
Thy rod and staff do comfort me,
And Thou art with me still.
- 4 Through all my life, thy favour is
So frankly shew'd to me,
That in thy house for evermore
My dwelling place shall be.
- ~~~~~

PSALM XXIII. Second Version. P. M.

- 1 THE Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's care.
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye.
My noon-day walks He shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.
- 2 When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountain pant,
To fertile vales and dewy meads,
My weary wand'ring steps He leads;
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.
- 3 Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,

My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
For Thou, O Lord, art with me still :
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
And guide me thro' the dreadful shade.



PSALM XXIV. L. M.

- 1 OUR Lord is ris'n from the dead,
Our Saviour is gone up on high :
The pow'rs of hell are captive led,
Dragg'd to the portals of the sky.
- 2 There his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chaunt the solemn lay :
Lift up your heads, ye heav'nly gates ;
Ye everlasting doors, give way.
- 3 Loose all your bars of massy light,
And wide unfold th' ethereal scene :
He claims these mansions as His right :
Receive the King of Glory in.
- 4 Who is the King of Glory ? who ?
The Lord that all His foes o'ercame,
The world, sin, death, and hell o'erthrew,
And JESUS is the Conqu'ror's name.
- 5 Lo ! His triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chaunt the solemn lay :
Lift up your heads, ye heav'nly gates ;
Ye everlasting doors, give way.

- 6 Who is the King of Glory? who?
The Lord of glorious pow'r possess'd,
The King of saints and angels too,
God over all, for ever blest.

PSALM XXV. S. M.

- 1 THY mercies and thy love,
O Lord, recall to mind;
And graciously continue still,
As Thou wert ever, kind.
- 2 Let all my youthful crimes
Be blotted out by Thee;
And, for thy wond'rous goodness' sake,
In mercy think on me.
- 3 His mercy and His truth
The righteous Lord displays,
In bringing wand'ring sinners home,
And teaching them His ways.
- 4 He those in justice guides
Who His direction seek;
And in His sacred paths shall lead
The humble and the meek.

PSALM XXVIII. C. M.

- 1 O LORD our Rock! to Thee we fly,
And pour in pray'r our breath;
Bow down, and hear, lest we become
Like them who sleep in death.

- 2 Oh! cast us not away with those,
Whose ways are ways of sin,
Whose works proclaim their awful doom,
Ere judgment doth begin.
- 3 O Thou! the Strength of all thy saints,
In whom we live and move,
Still feed us with the bread of life,
Still bless us with thy love.
- ~~~~~

PSALM XXIX. P. M.

- 1 BRING to the Lord, the mighty King,
Your grateful off'rings hither bring,
Your sacrifice prepare.
Ye kings and rulers of the earth,
Praise Him, to whom you owe your birth,
His sacred pow'r declare.
- 2 With holy worship sound His praise;
To highest heav'ns His honors raise;
Give glory to His name.
The beauty of His holiness,
In all your themes of praise express,
And spread abroad His fame.
- 3 Let oceans wide His wonders tell:
At God's command the billows swell,
At God's command subside.

Combine, ye seas, His name to bless,
 Ye raging waves, the God confess;
 Who rules th' impetuous tide.

- 4 God sitteth on the water-flood;
 His throne from age to age hath stood;
 His kingdom ne'er shall cease.
 Strength to His people God will give;
 Their souls will bless; their wants relieve,
 And grant eternal peace.

~~~~~  
 PSALM XXX. C. M.

- 1 I'LL celebrate thy praises, Lord,  
 Who did'st thy pow'r employ  
 To raise my drooping head, and check  
 My foes' insulting joy.
- 2 Thus to His courts, ye saints of His,  
 With songs of praise repair;  
 With me commemorate His truth,  
 And providential care.
- 3 His wrath has but a moment's reign,  
 His favour no decay:  
 Your night of grief is recompens'd  
 With joy's returning day.

~~~~~  
 PSALM XXXII. L. M.

- 1 How blest the man whose conscious grief
 From Thee, great God, has found relief;

Whose guilt thy boundless love hath veil'd,
His fears compos'd, his weakness heal'd !

- 2 My humble soul its crime shall own :
Behold me bow before thy throne,
To Thee my inmost guilt disclose,
And in thy bosom pour my woes.
- 3 But, lo ! while yet my hands I rear,
The voice of Mercy to my ear
Descends, and, whisp'ring peace within,
Confirms the pardon of my sin.
- 4 For this shall all who Thee adore,
Ere yet the day of grace be o'er,
To Thee with steadfast hope repair,
To Thee prefer th' unwearied pray'r.

~~~~~  
PSALM XXXIII.      P. M.

- 1 YE holy souls, in God rejoice,  
Your maker's praise becomes your voice;  
Great is your theme, your songs be new;  
Sing of His name, His word, His ways,  
His works of nature and of grace,  
How wise and holy, just and true !
- 2 He gathers the wide-flowing seas,  
Those wat'ry treasures know their place,  
In the vast store-house of the deep.  
He spake, and gave all nature birth ;  
And fires, and seas, and heav'n, and earth  
His everlasting orders keep.

- 3 Let mortals tremble, and adore  
 A God of such resistless pow'r,  
 Nor dare indulge their feeble rage :  
 Vain are your thoughts, and weak your  
 But His eternal counsel stands, [hands ;  
 And rules the world from age to age.

~~~~~  
 PSALM XXXIV. C. M.

- 1 THROUGH all the changing scenes of life,
 In trouble and in joy,
 The praises of my God shall still
 My heart and tongue employ.
- 2 Of His deliv'rance I will boast,
 Till all that are distress,
 From my example comfort take,
 And charm their griefs to rest.
- 3 O make but trial of His love,
 Experience will decide,
 How bless'd they are, and only they,
 Who in His truth confide.
- 4 Fear Him, ye saints, and you will then
 Have nothing else to fear ;
 Make you His service your delight,
 Your wants shall be His care.

~~~~~  
 PSALM XXXIV. Second Version. C. M.

- 1 LET him, who length of life desires,  
 And prosp'rous days would see,

Our life advancing to its close,  
 While scarce its earliest dawn it knows ;  
 Swift, like a fleeting shade, we run,  
 And vanity and man are one.

- 3 God of my fathers ! here, as they,  
 I walk the pilgrim of a day,  
 A transient guest ; thy works admire,  
 And instant to my home retire :  
 Where shall I then my refuge see ?  
 On whom repose my hope, but Thee ?
- 4 Before thy throne my knees I bend ;  
 To Thee my ceaseless pray'rs ascend :—  
 “O spare me, Lord, awhile O spare ;  
 “My strength renew, my heart prepare,  
 “Ere, life's short circuit wander'd o'er,  
 “I vanish, and am seen no more.”



PSALM XL. C. M.

- 1 I WAITED long, and sought the Lord,  
 And patiently did bear ;  
 At length He did to me accord  
 My voice and cry to hear.
- 2 He brought me from the dreadful pit,  
 Out of the mire and clay ;  
 Upon a rock He set my feet,  
 And He did guide my way.

- 3 To me He taught a psalm of praise,  
Which I must shew abroad ;  
And sing new songs of thanks always  
Unto the Lord our God.

PSALM XLI. C. M.

- 1 HAPPY the man whose tender care  
Relieves the poor distress :  
When he's by trouble compass'd round  
The Lord shall give him rest.
- 2 If he, in languishing estate,  
Oppress'd with sickness lie ;  
The Lord will easy make his bed,  
And inward strength supply.
- 3 Let therefore Israel's Lord and God  
From age to age be bless'd ;  
And all the people's glad applause  
With loud Amens express'd.

PSALM XLII. C. M.

- 1 As pants the hart for cooling streams,  
When heated in the chace ;  
So longs my soul, O God, for Thee,  
And thy refreshing grace.
- 2 For Thee, my God, the living God,  
My thirsty soul doth pine :  
O ! when shall I behold thy face,  
Thou Majesty divine ?

- 3 Tears are my constant food, while thus  
 Insulting foes upbraid :  
 "Deluded wretch ! where's now thy God?  
 And where's His promis'd aid ?"
- 4 I sigh whene'er my musing thoughts  
 Those happy days present,  
 When I with troops of pious friends  
 Thy temple did frequent.

PSALM XLVI. P. M.

- 1 GOD is our refuge in distress,  
 A present help when dangers press ;  
 In Him, undaunted, we'll confide,  
 Tho' earth were from her centre tost,  
 And mountains in the ocean lost,  
 Torn piecemeal by the roaring tide.
- 2 A gentler stream with gladness still  
 The city of our Lord shall fill,  
 The royal seat of God most high :  
 God dwells in Sion, whose fair tow'rs  
 Shall mock th' assaults of earthly pow'rs,  
 While His almighty aid is nigh.
- 3 In tumults, when the heathen rag'd,  
 And kingdoms war against us wag'd,  
 He thunder'd and dispers'd their pow'rs.  
 The Lord of Hosts conducts our arms,  
 Our tow'r of refuge in alarms,  
 Our father's guardian God, and ours.

- 4 Come see the wonders He hath wrought,  
 On earth what desolation brought ;  
 How He has calm'd the jarring world :  
 He broke the warlike spear and bow ;  
 With them the thund'ring chariots too  
 Into devouring flames were hurl'd.

PSLAM XLVII. P. M.

- 1 LET all, with glad accord,  
 The voice of triumph raise ;  
 With hymns adore their Lord,  
 And loudly sing His praise ;  
 Who from above  
 His lightning flings,  
 The King of kings  
 The God of love.
- 2 In glory He ascends ;  
 Loud let the trumpet blow ;  
 To earth's remotest ends  
 Loud let our praises flow ;  
 For God is King  
 Of all the earth ;  
 With holy mirth  
 His praises sing.
- 3 He o'er the heathen reigns,  
 Placed on His heavenly throne ;  
 All, whom the earth sustains,  
 Shall worship Him alone :

His shield extends  
 In their defence;  
 His excellence  
 All height transcends.

~~~~~  
 PSALM XLVIII. C. M.

- 1 THE Lord is great, and great His praise,
 To be exalted still,
 Within the city of our God,
 Upon His holy hill.
- 2 Mount Zion, joy of all the earth,
 His presence shall secure;
 God in her palaces is known,
 A refuge strong and sure.
- 3 Assembled now with one accord,
 Within thy temple's gate,
 We for thy loving-kindness, Lord,
 Here in thy presence wait.

~~~~~  
 PSALM LI. S. M.

- 1 HAVE merey, Lord, on me,  
 As Thou wert ever kind;  
 Let me, oppress'd with deepest guilt,  
 Thy wonted mercy find.
- 2 Wash off my foul offence,  
 And cleanse me from my sin;  
 For I confess my crime, and see  
 How great my guilt has been.

- 3 Make me to hear with joy  
Thy kind forgiving voice ;  
That so the bones which Thou hast broke  
May with fresh strength rejoice.
- 4 Withdraw not Thou thy help,  
Nor cast me from thy sight ;  
Nor let thy holy spirit take  
Its everlasting flight.
- ~~~~~

## PSALM LI. Second Version. L. M.

- 1 O THOU that hear'st when sinners cry,  
Though all my crimes before Thee lie ;  
Behold them not with angry look,  
But blot their mem'ry from thy book.
- 2 My soul lies humbled in the dust,  
And owns thy dreadful sentence just ;  
Look down, O Lord ! with pitying eye,  
And save the soul condemn'd to die.
- 3 Then will I teach the world thy ways ;  
Sinners shall learn thy sov'reign grace ;  
I'll lead them to my Saviour's blood,  
And they shall praise a pard'ning God.
- 3 O may thy love inspire my tongue !  
Salvation shall be all my song ;  
And all my powers shall join to bless  
The Lord, my strength and righteousness.



## PSALM LVII. C. M.

- 1 AWAKE, my joy, awake, I say,  
My lute, my harp, and string;  
And I myself before the day  
Will rise, rejoice, and sing.
- 2 Among the people I will tell  
The goodness of my God,  
And shew His praise, that doth excel  
In heathen lands abroad.
- 3 His mercy doth extend as far  
As heavens all are high,  
His truth as high as any star  
That shineth in the sky.



## PSALM LVII. Second Version. L. M.

- 1 AWAKE, my glory; harp and lute,  
No longer let your strings be mute;  
And I, my tuneful part to take,  
Will with the early dawn awake.
- 2 Thy praises, Lord, I will resound  
To all the list'ning nations round:  
Thy mercy highest heav'n transcends;  
Thy truth beyond the clouds extends.
- 3 Be Thou, O God, exalted high;  
And as thy glory fills the sky,  
So let it be on earth display'd,  
Till Thou art here as there obey'd.

## PSALM LXV. L. M.

- 1 GREAT God, from thy exhaustless store,  
Thy rain relieves the thirsty ground ;  
Makes lands, that barren were before,  
With corn and useful fruits abound.
- 2 Thy goodness does the circling year  
With fresh returns of plenty crown ;  
Where'er thy glorious paths appear,  
Thy fruitful clouds drop fatness down.
- 3 Large flocks with fleecy wool adorn  
The cheerful plains ; the vallies bring  
Their plenteous crops of full-ear'd corn,  
They seem for joy to shout and sing.
- 4 Thy works pronounce thy pow'r divine ;  
Thro' every month thy gifts appear ;  
O'er every field thy glories shine ;  
Great God! thy goodness crowns the year.

## PSALM LXVII. S. M.

- 1 To bless thy chosen race,  
In mercy, Lord ! incline ;  
And cause the brightness of thy face  
On all thy saints to shine.
- 2 That so thy wond'rous way  
May through the world be known ;  
While distant lands their tribute pay,  
And thy salvation own.

- 3 Let differing nations join  
 To celebrate thy fame,  
 And all the world, O Lord, combine  
 To praise thy glorious name.
- 4 Give God the Father praise ;  
 Glory to God the Son ;  
 To God, the spirit of all grace ;  
 Be equal honour done.



PSALM LXVIII. L. M.

- 1 LORD ! when 'Thou didst ascend on high,  
 Ten thousand angels fill'd the sky :  
 Those heav'nly guards around Thee wait,  
 Like chariots that attend thy state.
- 2 Not Sinai's mountain could appear  
 More glorious, when the Lord was there ;  
 While He pronounced His dreadful law,  
 And struck the chosen tribes with awe.
- 3 How bright the triumph none can tell,  
 When the rebellious powers of hell,  
 Which thousand souls had captive made,  
 Were all in chains like captives led !
- 4 Rais'd by His Father to the throne,  
 He sent the promis'd Spirit down,  
 With gifts and grace for rebel-men,  
 That God may dwell on earth again.

- 5 Praise God from whom all blessings flow,  
Praise Him, all creatures here below ;  
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host,  
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.
- ~~~~~

## PSALM LXXI. C. M.

- 1 WHEN all thy mercies, O my God,  
My rising soul surveys ;  
Transported by the view, I'm lost  
In wonder, love, and praise.
- 2 O ! how shall words with equal warmth  
The gratitude declare  
Which glows within my ravish'd heart !  
But Thou canst read it there.
- 3 Unnumber'd comforts to my soul  
Thy tender care bestow'd,  
Before my infant heart conceiv'd  
From whom those comforts flow'd.
- 4 When in the slipp'ry paths of youth  
With heedless steps I ran,  
Thine arm unseen convey'd me safe,  
And led me up to man.
- 5 When worn by sickness, oft hast Thou  
With health renew'd my face ;  
And when in sins and sorrows sunk,  
Reviv'd my soul with grace.

- 6 Through every period of my life  
Thy goodness I'll pursue;  
And after death, in distant worlds,  
The glorious theme renew.
- 7 Through all eternity to Thee  
A grateful song I'll raise;  
But oh! eternity's too short,  
To utter all thy praise.
- ~~~~~

PSALM LXXII.      L. M.

- 1 JESUS shall reign where'er the sun  
Doth his successive journeys run;  
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,  
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.
- 2 To Him shall endless pray'r be made,  
And princes throng to crown his head:  
His Name like sweet perfume shall rise  
With ev'ry morning sacrifice:
- 3 People and realms of ev'ry tongue  
Dwell on his love with sweetest song;  
And infant voices shall proclaim  
Their early blessings on his Name.
- 4 Blessings abound where'er He reigns;  
The pris'ner leaps to lose his chains;  
The weary find eternal rest,  
And all the sons of want are blest.

- 5 Let ev'ry creature rise and bring  
 Peculiar honours to our KING ;  
 Angels descend with songs again,  
 And earth repeat the loud AMEN.

PSALM LXXX. L. M.

- 1 O ISRAEL'S Shepherd, Joseph's Guide !  
 Our pray'rs to Thee vouchsafe to hear !  
 Thou that dost on the cherubs ride,  
 Again in solemn state appear.
- 2 Do Thou convert us, Lord ; do Thou  
 The lustre of thy face display ;  
 And all the ills we suffer now,  
 Like scatter'd clouds, shall pass away.
- 3 O Thou, whom heav'nly hosts obey,  
 How long shall thy fierce anger burn ?  
 How long thy suffering people pray,  
 And to their pray'rs have no return ?
- 4 Do Thou convert us, Lord ; do Thou  
 The lustre of thy face display ;  
 And all the ills we suffer now,  
 Like scatter'd clouds, shall pass away.

PSALM LXXXIV. P. M.

- 1 LORD of the worlds above !  
 How pleasant, and how fair  
 The dwellings of thy love,  
 Thy earthly temples are !

To thine abode  
 Our hearts aspire,  
 With warm desire,  
 To meet our God.

- 2 O happy souls that pray,  
 Where God appoints to hear!  
 O happy men that pay  
 Their constant service there!  
 They praise Thee still:—  
 Thrice happy they,  
 That love the way  
 To Zion's hill.
- 3 They go from strength to strength  
 Through this dark vale of tears;  
 Till each arrives at length,  
 Till each in heaven appears:—  
 To that blest seat,  
 O God our King!  
 Direct and bring  
 Our willing feet.

PSALM LXXXV. L. M.

- 1 ARISE, O God! and let thy grace  
 Diffuse its beams on Jacob's race:  
 Restore the long-lost scatter'd band,  
 And call them to their native land.
- 2 How long shall Jacob's offspring prove  
 The sad suspension of thy love?

For ever shall thine anger burn !  
And wilt Thou never, Lord, return ?

- 3 In pity their backslidings heal,  
Their trespass hide, their pardon seal ;  
Check in mid course thy dreadful ire,  
And bid its kindled flames expire.
- 4 Thy quickening Spirit now impart,  
And wake to joy each grateful heart :  
May Israel's ransom'd tribes in Thee,  
Their bliss and full salvation see !

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PSALM XC. C. M.

- 1 O GOD ! our help in ages past,
Our Hope in years to come,
Our Shelter from life's stormy blast,
And our eternal Home !
- 2 Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting Thou art God,
To endless years the same.
- 3 Thy word commands our flesh to dust,
"Return ye sons of men ;"
All nations rose from earth at first,
And turn to earth again.
- 4 A thousand ages in thy sight
Are like an evening gone ;
Short as the watch that ends the night,
Before the rising sun.

PSALM XCII. C. M.

- 1 How good and pleasant must it be
To thank the Lord most high ;
And with repeated hymns of praise
His name to magnify !
- 2 With ev'ry morning's early dawn
His goodness to relate ;
And of His constant truth each night
The glad effects repeat !
- 3 For thro' thy wond'rous works, O Lord,
Thou mak'st my heart rejoice ;
The thoughts of them shall make me glad
And shout with cheerful voice.

PSALM XCV. L. M.

- 1 O COME, loud anthems let us sing,
Loud thanks to our Almighty King ;
For we our voices high should raise,
When our salvation's rock we praise.
- 2 Into His presence let us haste,
To thank him for his favours past ;
To Him address, in joyful songs,
The praise that to His name belongs.
- 3 O let us to His courts repair,
And bow with adoration there ;
Down on our knees devoutly all
Before the Lord our Maker fall.

PSALM XCV. Second Version. S. M.

- 1 COME, sound His praise abroad ;
And hymns of glory sing ;
Jehovah is the Sovereign God,
The universal King.
- 2 He form'd the deeps unknown ;
He gave the sea its bound ;
The watery worlds are His alone,
And His the solid ground.
- 3 Come worship at His throne,
Come, bow before the Lord ;
We are His work, and not our own ;
He form'd us by his word.
- 4 To-day obey His voice,
Nor dare provoke His rod ;
Come, as the people of His choice,
And own your gracious God.

PSALM XCVI. C. M.

- 1 SING to the Lord, ye distant lands,
Ye tribes of ev'ry tongue :
His new-discover'd grace demands
A new and holy song.
- 2 Say to the nations—Jesus reigns,
God's own Almighty Son !
His pow'r the sinking world sustains,
And grace surrounds His throne.

- 3 Let an unusual joy surprise
The islands of the sea :
Ye mountains sink, ye valleys rise ;
Prepare the Lord his way.
- ~~~~~

PSALM XCVIII. C. M.

- 1 Joy to the world, the Lord is come !
Let earth receive her King :
Let ev'ry heart prepare Him room ;
Let all creation sing.
- 2 Ye saints, rejoice, the Saviour reigns !
In praise your tongues employ :
Floods, clap your hands ; exult ye plains ;
And shout, ye hills, for joy.
- 3 Behold, he comes ! He comes to bless
The nations as their God ;
To shew the world His righteousness,
And send His truth abroad.
- 4 No more let sins and sorrows grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground :
He comes to make His blessings flow,
Far as the curse is found.
- 5 Joy to the world ! the Lord is come !
Let earth receive her King :
Let every heart prepare Him room ;
Let all creation sing.

PSALM XCIX. S. M.

- 1 THE Lord Jehovah reigns !
Let all the nations fear :
Let sinners tremble at His throne,
And saints be humbled there.
- 2 The mighty Saviour reigns !
Let earth adore its Lord :
Angelic hosts around Him stand,
To hear and do his word.
- 3 In Zion is his throne ;
His honours are divine ;
The church shall make his wonders known,
For there his glories shine.
- 4 Before Him prostrate fall,
And worship at his feet ;
For perfect justice He maintains,
Enthroned on mercy's seat.
- 5 The Lord Jehovah reigns !
Let every creature fear ;
Let sinners tremble at his throne,
And saints be humbled there.

PSALM C. L. M.

- 1 ALL people that on earth do dwell,
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice ;
Him serve with fear, his praise forth tell ;
Come ye before Him and rejoice.

- 2 The Lord, ye know, is God indeed ;
Without our aid, He did us make :
We are his flock, He doth us feed ;
And for his sheep, He doth us take.
- 3 O enter then his gates with praise,
Approach with joy his courts unto :
Praise, laud, and bless his Name always ;
For it is seemly so to do.
-

PSALM CI. L. M.

- 1 My song shall be of mercy, Lord,
Thy judgments shall my soul record ;
To Thee I'll sing with grateful voice,
I'll gaze, and tremble, and rejoice.
- 2 When wilt Thou come to me, my God,
And make my heart thy blest abode ?
O may I walk as in thy sight,
With conscience clear and heart upright.
- 3 The faithful in my house shall dwell,
With me thy loving-kindness tell ;
Deceit and falsehood shall depart,
The sland'rous tongue, the froward heart.
- 4 The Church below, in peace and love,
Shall emulate the Church above ;
Form'd by thy Spirit and thy Word,
The holy city of the Lord.

PSALM CIII. S. M.

- 1 O BLESS the Lord, my soul!
His grace to thee proclaim:
And all that is within me join
To bless his holy name:
O bless the Lord, my soul!
His mercies bear in mind;
Forget not all his benefits;
The Lord to thee is kind.
- 2 He will not always chide;
He will with patience wait:
His wrath is ever slow to rise,
And ready to abate:
He pardons all thy sins,
Prolongs thy feeble breath;
He healeth thine infirmities,
And ransoms thee from death.
- 3 He clothes thee with his love,
Upholds thee with his truth;
And, like the eagle's, He renews
The vigour of thy youth.
Then bless his holy name,
Whose grace hath made thee whole;
Whose loving-kindness crowns thy days;
O bless the Lord, my soul!

PSALM CIV. P. M.

- 1 My soul praise the Lord,
Speak good of his Name;

O Lord our great God,
 How dost Thou appear !
 So passing in glory,
 That great is thy fame ;
 Honour and Majesty
 In Thee shine most clear.

2 With light as a robe
 Thou hast thyself clad,
 Whereby all the earth
 Thy greatness may see :
 The heav'ns in such sort
 Thou also hast spread,
 That they to a curtain
 Compared may be.

3 His chamber beams lie
 In the clouds full sure,
 Which as his chariots
 Are made him to bear :
 And there with much swiftness
 His course doth endure,
 Upon the wings riding
 Of winds in the air.



PSALM CV. C. M.

1 O RENDER thanks and bless the Lord ;
 Invoke his sacred Name ;
 Acquaint the nations with his deeds,
 His matchless deeds proclaim.

- 2 Sing to his praise in lofty hymns,
His wond'rous works rehearse;
Make them the theme of your discourse,
And subject of your verse.
- 3 Rejoice in his Almighty Name,
Alone to be ador'd,
And let their hearts o'erflow with joy,
That humbly seek the Lord.
- ~~~~~

PSALM CVI. L. M.

- 1 O RENDER thanks to God above,
The fountain of eternal love;
Whose mercy firm through ages past
Has stood, and shall for ever last.
- 2 Who can His mighty deeds express,
Not only vast, but numberless?
What mortal eloquence can raise
His tribute of immortal praise?
- 3 Happy are they, and only they,
Who from thy judgments never stray;
Who know what's right—nor only so,
But always practice what they know.
- 4 Extend to me that favour, Lord,
Thou to thy chosen dost afford;—
When Thou return'st to set them free,
Let thy salvation visit me.

PSALM CVII. C. M.

- 1 How are thy servants blest, O Lord !
How sure is their defence !
Eternal Wisdom is their guide,
Their help Omnipotence.
- 2 In foreign realms and lands remote,
Supported by thy care,
Thro' burning climes they pass unhurt,
And live in tainted air.
- 3 When by the dreadful tempest borne
High on the broken wave,
They know Thou art not slow to hear,
Nor impotent to save.
- 4 The storm is laid, the winds retire,
Obedient to thy will ;
The sea, that roars at thy command,
At thy command is still.
- 5 In midst of dangers, fears, and death,
Thy goodness we'll adore ;
We'll praise Thee for thy mercies past,
And humbly hope for more.
- 6 Thy Providence, that life hath kept,
Thy breath did first impart ;
Oh may we ne'er forget thy love,
Nor from thy law depart.

PSALM CVIII. C. M.

- 1 O God, my heart is fully bent
To magnify thy name ;
My tongue, with cheerful songs of praise,
Shall celebrate thy fame.
- 2 Awake, my lute ; nor thou, my harp,
Thy choicest notes delay ;
While I with early hymns of joy
Prevent the dawning day.
- 3 To all the list'ning tribes, O Lord,
Thy wonders I will tell ;
And to those nations sing thy praise
That round about me dwell :
- 4 Be Thou, O God, exalted high
Above the starry frame ;
And let the world, with one consent,
Confess thy glorious Name.

~~~~~  
PSALM CXVI. C. M.

- 1 I LOVE the Lord ! for He hath heard  
My supplicating voice :  
I love the Lord ! and in His love  
Will evermore rejoice.
- 2 Now, O my soul ! from all thy woes,  
Return to God, thy rest,  
Who graciously hath dealt with thee,  
And bountifully blest.

3 What shall I render to the Lord,  
 Whose love is still the same?  
 Salvation's sacred cup I take,  
 And call upon His name.

4 My God hath sav'd my soul from death,  
 And dried my falling tears;  
 Now to His praise I'll spend my breath,  
 And my remaining years.

~~~~~  
 PSALM CXVII. L. M.

1 FROM all that dwell below the skies
 Let the Creator's praise arise;
 Let the Redeemer's name be sung,
 Through every land, by every tongue.

2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord!
 Eternal truth attends thy word;
 Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
 Till suns shall rise and set no more.

3 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;
 Praise Him, all creatures here below;
 Praise Him above, ye heavenly host;
 Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

~~~~~  
 PSALM CXVIII. C. M.

1 THIS is the day the Lord hath made;  
 He calls the hours his own:  
 Let heav'n rejoice, let earth be glad,  
 And praise surround His throne.

- 2 To-day He rose, and left the dead,  
And Satan's empire fell;  
To-day the saints his triumphs spread,  
And all his wonders tell.
- 3 Hosannah to th' anointed King,  
To David's holy Son!  
Help us, O Lord; descend, and bring  
Salvation from thy throne.
- 4 Best be the Lord, who comes to men  
With messages of grace;  
Who comes in God the Father's name,  
To save our sinful race.
- 5 Hosannah, in the highest strains  
The church on earth can raise!  
The highest heav'ns, in which he reigns,  
Shall give him nobler praise.
- ~~~~~

## PSALM CXVIII. Second Version. 7s.

- 1 LIFT your voice, and thankful sing  
Praises to your Heav'nly King;  
For his mercies far extend,  
And his bounty knows no end.
- 2 Israel thy Creator bless,  
And with joyful tongue confess,  
That his mercies far extend,  
And his bounty knows no end.

- 3 Ye who make his will your care,  
 With assenting voice declare,  
 That his mercies far extend,  
 And his bounty knows no end.

~~~~~  
 PSALM CXIX. C. M.

- 1 O THAT the Lord would guide my ways
 To keep his statutes still!
 O that my God would grant me grace
 To know and do his will.
- 2 Lord, send thy Spirit down, to write
 Thy law upon my heart;
 Nor let my tongue indulge deceit,
 Nor acts the liar's part.
- 3 From vanity turn off my eyes;
 Let no corrupt design,
 No covetous desire, arise
 Within this soul of mine.
- 4 Make me to walk in thy commands—
 'Tis a delightful road;
 Nor let my head, or heart, or hands,
 Offend against my God.

~~~~~  
 PSALM CXIX. Second Version. C. M.

- 1 LORD, I have found 'tis good for me  
 To bear thy chastening rod:  
 Afflictions make me learn thy law,  
 And bring me to my God.

- 2 Had not thy word been my delight,  
When earthly joys were fled,  
My soul, oppress'd with sorrow's weight,  
Had sunk among the dead.
- 3 I know thy judgments, Lord, are right,  
Though they may seem severe ;  
The sharpest suff'rings I endure  
Flow from thy faithful care.
- 4 Before I felt thy chast'ning rod,  
My feet were apt to stray ;  
But now I learn to keep thy word,  
Nor wander from thy way.
- ~~~~~

## PSALM CXIX. Third Version. C. M.

- 1 How shall the young preserve their ways  
From all pollution free ?  
By making still their course of life  
With thy commands agree.
- 2 With hearty zeal for Thee I seek,  
To Thee for succour pray ;  
O suffer not my careless steps  
From thy right paths to stray.
- 3 Safe in my heart, and closely hid,  
Thy word, my treasure, lies ;  
To succour me with timely aid,  
When sinful thoughts arise.

- 4 Secur'd by that, my grateful soul  
 Shall ever bless thy Name:  
 O teach me then by thy just laws  
 My future life to frame.

~~~~~  
 PSALM CXXI. C. M.

- 1 FROM Zion's hills our help descends;
 To them we lift our eyes:
 Our strength on God alone depends,
 Who form'd the earth and skies.
- 2 Around his saints, array'd in might,
 His guardian shield He spreads;
 Nor sun by day, nor moon by night,
 Shall smite their favor'd heads.
- 3 He, ever watchful, ever nigh,
 Forbids their feet to slide;
 Nor sleep nor slumber seals the eye
 Of Israel's Guard and Guide.
- 4 He shall preserve their souls from sin,
 He shall their strength restore;
 Their going out and coming in,
 Shall bless for evermore.

~~~~~  
 PSALM CXXIV. P. M.

- 1 HAD God forsook us, when our foes,  
 In adverse hosts against us rose;  
 Had God, we now may surely say,  
 Forsook us in the dreadful day,

When gath'ring troops their wrath out-  
pour'd,  
Their fury had our tribes devour'd.

2 Down we had sunk, and o'er our head  
The swelling floods their waves had  
spread ;

Down we had sunk:—but bless'd be God,  
Whose arm the timely help bestow'd,  
And, all opposers chased away,  
Snatch'd from their jaws th' expected prey.

3 See, as the bird with sudden spring,  
Exulting, mounts upon the wing,  
Just rescued from the fowler's art ;  
So triumph we with thankful heart,  
And, saved by God's preventing care,  
Shake from our feet the broken snare.

4 When woes, when dangers round us rise,  
Our help on God alone relies ;  
To Him our liberty we owe,  
And own his strength against the foe,  
Whose hand thy centre fix'd, O earth !  
And gave th' enduring heav'ns their birth.

PSALM CXXX. C. M.

1 WHEN, rising from the bed of death,  
O'erwhelm'd with guilt and fear,  
I see my Maker face to face,  
Oh, how shall I appear !



- 2 If *now*, while pardon may be found,  
 And mercy may be sought,  
 My heart with inward horror shrinks,  
 And trembles at the thought ;
- 3 When thou, O Lord, shalt stand disclos'd  
 In majesty severe,  
 And sit in judgment on my soul,  
 O how shall I appear ?
- 4 But Thou hast told the troubled soul,  
 Which does her sins lament,  
 That Jesus suffer'd unto death,  
 Her suff'rings to prevent.
- 5 Then never shall my soul despair  
 Her pardon to procure,  
 Who knows thy only Son hath died  
 To make forgiveness sure.



**PSALM CXXX. Second Version. S. M.**

- 1 FROM lowest depths of woe  
 To God I send my cry ;  
 Lord, hear my supplicating voice,  
 And graciously reply.
- 2 My soul with patience waits  
 For Thee, the living Lord ;  
 My hopes are on thy promise built,  
 Thy never-failing word.

- 3 Let Israel trust in God,  
 No bounds his mercy knows ;  
 The plenteous source and spring from  
 Eternal succour flows. [whence
- 4 Whose friendly streams to us  
 Supplies in want convey ;  
 A healing spring, a spring to cleanse,  
 And wash our guilt away.



PSALM CXXX. Third Version. C. M.

- 1 O God! 'tis thine to spare and save ;  
 With mercy souls to win,  
 Mercy that binds the grateful heart,  
 And makes it fear to sin.
- 2 We trust in Thee : in Thee, O Lord !  
 Is full redemption found ;  
 Thy mercy pardons every sin,  
 And closes every wound.
- 3 That mercy, Lord, to us extend :  
 For we, at mercy's gate,  
 Taught by thy word—thy word is truth,—  
 For thy salvation wait ;
- 4 Mercy, Good Lord ! mercy we ask ;  
 This is the total sum :  
 For mercy, Lord ! is all our suit ;  
 Oh ! let thy mercy come.

## PSALM CXXXIII. C. M.

- 1 How great the joy, how blest the sight,  
When brethren friendly prove;  
Whose hearts in bonds of peace unite,  
And glow with mutual love!
- 2 'Tis like the precious ointment, pour'd  
On Aaron's sacred head,  
Which from his beard, down to the skirts  
Of his rich garments spread.
- 3 Refreshing 'tis, as morning dews  
That fall on Hermon's hill,  
Or Zion's mount and hallow'd fields;  
And all with blessings fill.

## PSALM CXXXVI. L. M.

- 1 GIVE to our God immortal praise:  
Mercy and truth are all his ways:  
Wonders of grace to God belong;  
Repeat his mercies in your song.
- 2 He built the earth, He spread the sky,  
And fix'd the starry lights on high:  
Wonders of grace to God belong;  
Repeat his mercies in your song.
- 3 He fills the sun with morning light,  
He bids the moon direct the night:  
His mercies ever shall endure,  
When sun and moon shall shine no more.

- 4 He sent his Son with pow'r to save  
From guilt, and darkness, and the grave;  
Wonders of grace to God belong;  
Repeat his mercies in your song.
- 5 Thro' this vain world he guides our feet,  
And leads us to his heav'nly seat:  
His mercies ever shall endure,  
When this vain world shall be no more.

~~~~~  
PSALM CXXXVI. Second Version.

- 1 To God, the mighty Lord,
Your joyful thanks repeat;
To him due praise afford,
As good as He is great.
For God does prove
Our constant friend;
His boundless love
Shall never end.
- 2 To Him whose wond'rous pow'r
All other gods obey,
Whom earthly kings adore,
This grateful homage pay.
For God, &c.
- 3 By his Almighty hand
Amazing works are wrought;
The heav'ns by his command
Were to perfection brought.
For God, &c.

PSALM CXXXVII. L. M.

- 1 O ZION! when we think on Thee,
We long for pinions like the dove,
And sigh to think that we should be
So distant from the land we love.
- 2 But yet we hope to see the day,
When Zion's children shall return,
When all our griefs shall pass away,
And we no more again shall mourn.
- 3 The thought that such a day will come,
Makes e'en the captive portion sweet;
Though now we wander far from home,
In Zion soon we all shall meet.

~~~~~  
PSALM CXXXIX. C. M.

- 1 LORD, where shall guilty souls retire  
Forgotten and unknown?  
In hell they meet thy dreadful fire;  
In heaven thy glorious throne.
- 2 Should I suppress my vital breath,  
To 'scape thy wrath divine,  
Thy voice would break the bars of death,  
And make the grave resign.
- 3 If, wing'd with beams of morning light,  
I fly beyond the West,  
Thy hand, which must support my flight,  
Would there betray my rest.

- 4 If o'er my sins I think to draw  
The curtains of the night,  
Those flaming eyes that guard thy law,  
Would turn the shades to light.
- 5 The beams of noon, the midnight hour,  
Are both alike to Thee :  
O may I ne'er provoke that Pow'r  
From which I cannot flee.
- ~~~~~

## PSALM CXXXIX. Second Version.

- 1 THOU, Lord, by strictest search, hast  
My rising up and lying down : [known  
My secret thoughts are known to Thee,  
Known long before conceiv'd by me.
- 2 Thine eye my bed and path surveys,  
My public haunts and private ways :  
Thou know'st what 'tis my lips would  
My yet unutter'd words' intent. [vent,
- 3 If up to heav'n I take my flight,  
'Tis there thou dwell'st enthron'd in light :  
If down to hell's infernal plains,  
There thy Almighty vengeance reigns.
- 4 If I the morning's wings could gain,  
And fly beyond the Western main :  
Thy swifter hand would first arrive,  
And there arrest the fugitive.

- 5 Or should I try to shun thy sight,  
 Beneath the sable wings of night,  
 One glance from Thee, one piercing ray,  
 Would kindle darkness into day.

PSALM CXLII. C. M.

- 1 PROSTRATE before Jehovah's throne,  
 With earnest voice I cried ;  
 My supplication I made known,  
 Oppress'd with grief I sigh'd.
- 2 My spirit sunk, o'erwhelm'd with grief,  
 No friend remain'd for me ;  
 I look'd around, but no relief,  
 No refuge could I see.
- 3 Friendless, I cried to Thee, O Lord,  
 Thou refuge of my soul ;  
 Thou art my portion, and thy word  
 Can all my fears controul.

PSALM CXLIII. L. M.

- 1 HEAR me, O Lord ! in my distress,  
 Hear me in truth and righteousness ;  
 For at thy bar of judgment tried,  
 None living could be justified.
- 2 Lord, I have foes without, within ;  
 The world, the flesh, in-dwelling sin,  
 Life's daily ills, temptation's hour,  
 And Satan roaring to devour.

- 3 Feebly to Thee I stretch my hands,  
Like failing streams thro' desert sands :  
I thirst for Thee, as harvest-plains,  
Parch'd in the summer, thirst for rains.
- 4 Teach me thy will,—subdue mine own,—  
Thou art my God, and Thou alone ;  
By thy good Spirit guide me still,  
Safe from all foes, to Zion's hill.



## PSALM CXLVI. L. M.

- 1 THE praises of my God, my King,  
While I have life, or breath to sing,  
Shall fill my heart, and tune my tongue,  
Till heav'n improve the blissful song.
- 2 Happy the man, whose hopes divine  
On Israel's guardian God recline !  
Who can with sacred transport say,  
"This God is mine—my help, my stay !"
- 3 The hungry poor his hand sustains,  
And breaks the wretched captive's chains :  
To sightless eyes, long clos'd in night,  
His touch restores the joys of light.
- 4 The Lord shall reign for ever King,  
And age to age His glory sing :  
Thy God, O happy Zion, reigns ;  
Resound his praise in joyful strains.



## PSALM CXLVIII. P. M.

- 1 YE boundless realms of joy,  
Exalt your Maker's fame;  
His praise your song employ,  
Above the starry frame.  
Your voices raise,  
Ye Cherubim,  
And Seraphim,  
To sing his praise.
- 2 Thou moon, that rul'st the night,  
And sun, that guid'st the day,  
Ye glitt'ring stars of light,  
To Him your homage pay.  
His praise declare,  
Ye heav'ns above,  
And clouds that move  
In liquid air.
- 3 Let them adore the Lord,  
And praise his holy Name,  
By whose Almighty Word  
They all from nothing came;  
And all shall last  
From changes free:  
His firm decree  
Stands ever fast.

## PSALM CXLVIII. Second Version.

- 1 PRAISE the Lord! ye heav'ns, adore Him,  
Praise Him, angels in the height;

Sun and moon, rejoice before Him ;  
Praise Him, all ye stars and light :

- 2 Praise the Lord ! for He hath spoken,  
Worlds his mighty voice obey'd ;  
Laws, that never shall be broken,  
For their guidance He hath made.
- 3 Praise the Lord ! for He is glorious ;  
Never shall his promise fail ;  
God hath made his saints victorious ;  
Sin and death shall not prevail ;
- 4 Praise the God of our salvation,  
Hosts on high, his powers proclaim ;  
Heaven, and earth, and all creation,  
Laud and magnify his name.

PSALM CXLXIX. P. M.

- 1 O PRAISE ye the Lord ;  
Prepare your glad voice  
His praise in the great  
Assembly to sing ;  
In Christ the Redeemer  
Let Israel rejoice,  
And children of Zion  
Be glad in their King.
- 2 Let them his great Name  
Extol in their songs ;  
With well-tuned harps  
His praises express ;

Who listens with pleasure  
 To hear their glad tongues,  
 And waits with salvation  
 The humble to bless.

- 3 With glory adorn'd  
 His people shall sing,  
 To God, who their heads,  
 With safety doth shield;  
 Such honour and triumph  
 His favour shall bring:  
 O therefore for ever  
 All praise to Him yield.



PSALM CL.      L. M.

- 1 O PRAISE the Lord, in that blest place,  
 From whence his goodness largely flows;  
 Praise Him in heaven, where He his face  
 Unveil'd in perfect glory shows.
- 2 Praise Him for all his mighty acts,  
 Which He in our behalf hath done;  
 His kindness this return exacts,  
 With which our praise should equal run.
- 3 Let all that vital breath enjoy,  
 The breath He doth to them afford,  
 In just return of praise employ;  
 Let every creature praise the Lord,

- 4 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,  
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host,  
Praise Him, all creatures here below ;  
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.**



**END OF THE PSALMS.**



# HYMNS.



**Advent.**

## HYMN I. C. M.

- 1 **HARK** the glad sound! the Saviour comes;  
The Saviour promised long;  
Let every heart prepare a throne,  
And every voice a song.
- 2 He comes, the prisoners to release,  
In Satan's bondage held;  
The gates of brass before him break;  
The iron fetters yield.
- 3 He comes to bind the broken heart,  
To make the wounded whole;  
To preach glad tidings to the meek,  
And bless the humble soul.
- 4 Our glad Hosannahs, Prince of Peace!  
Thine advent shall proclaim;  
And earth and heaven shall join to sing  
The glories of thy name.

## HYMN II. 8—7.

- 1 COME, Thou long expected Jesus !  
Born to set thy people free !  
From our fears and sins release us,  
Let us find our rest in Thee !
- 2 Israel's Strength and Consolation,  
Hope of all the earth Thou art !  
Fond desire of ev'ry nation !  
Joy of ev'ry contrite heart !
- 3 Born thy children to deliver ;  
Born a Child, and yet a King :  
Born to reign in us for ever ;  
Now thy gracious kingdom bring.
- 4 By thine own Eternal Spirit,  
Rule in all our hearts alone :  
By thine all-sufficient merit,  
Raise us to thy glorious throne.



## HYMN III. P. M.

- 1 LO ! He comes with clouds descending,  
Once for favour'd sinners slain ;  
Thousand thousand saints, attending,  
Swell the triumph of his train.  
Hallelujah !  
See the day of God appear !
- 2 Ev'ry eye shall now behold Him  
Rob'd in dreadful Majesty :

They who set at nought and scorn'd Him,  
 Pierc'd and nail'd Him to the tree,  
 Deeply wailing,  
 Shall the great Messiah see.

- 3 Now redemption, long expected,  
 See in solemn pomp appear;  
 All his saints, by man rejected,  
 Now shall meet him in the air.  
 Hallelujah!  
 Hallelujah! Amen.

HYMN IV. S. M.

- 1 BEHOLD the Lamb of God,  
 Who takes our guilt away!  
 See and adore his heav'nly love,  
 And praise Him day by day!
- 2 Be ev'ry valley high,  
 Be ev'ry mountain low!  
 The proud must stoop—the humble soul  
 Shall his salvation know.
- 3 The heathen realms abroad  
 Shall join in sweet accord,  
 And all the sons of men shall see  
 The glory of the Lord.
- 4 Behold the day-spring rise,  
 Ye that in darkness dwell!  
 He marks the path, which leads to peace,  
 He bursts the gates of hell.

**Christmas.**

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**HYMN V. 10s.**

- 1 GLORY to God, the holy angels cry ;  
Glory to God, let ev'ry heart reply ;  
The sun of righteousness now shines on  
earth,  
And peace returns at our Redeemer's  
birth.
- 2 Good-will to men, the holy angels cry ;  
Good-will to men, let ev'ry heart reply ;  
Let hatred, strife, and wrath, be heard no  
more,  
But peace and love be spread from shore  
to shore.
- 3 Glory to God, who sent his Son from  
heav'n,  
For us a child is born, a Saviour given ;  
He comes with peace, and pardon from  
above,  
And rules his people with the laws of love.
- 4 Jesus the long-expected Saviour's come,  
Let ev'ry heart prepare to make him room ;  
Let infant tongues proclaim his love  
abroad,  
And join to praise their Saviour and their  
God.



## HYMN VI. L. M.

- 1 WHEN Jordan hush'd his waters still,  
And silence slept on Zion's hill;  
When Bethel's shepherds thro' the night,  
Watch'd o'er their flocks by starry light.
- 2 Hark! from the midnight hills around,  
A voice of more than mortal sound,  
In distant Hallelujahs stole,  
Wild murm'ring on the raptur'd soul.
- 3 Then swift to ev'ry startled eye,  
New streams of glory light the sky;  
Heav'n bursts her azure gates to pour  
Her spirits to the midnight hour.
- 4 On wheels of light, and wings of flame,  
The glorious hosts to Zion came;  
High heav'n with songs of triumph rung,  
While thus they struck their harps, and  
[sung—
- 5 "O Zion, lift thy raptur'd eye,  
The long expected hour is nigh,  
The joys of nature rise again,  
The Prince of Salem comes to reign.
- 6 See mercy, from her golden urn,  
Pours a rich stream to them that mourn;  
Behold she binds with tender care,  
The bleeding bosom of despair.

- 7 He comes to cheer the trembling heart,  
Night, and her spectres pale, depart;  
Again, the day-star gilds the gloom,  
Again, the bowers of Eden bloom."



## HYMN VII. 7s.

- 1 HARK! the herald-angels sing,  
"Glory to the new-born King;  
"Peace on earth, and mercy mild,  
"God and sinners reconcil'd."
- 2 Joyful, all ye nations, rise;  
Join the triumph of the skies;  
With th' angelic host proclaim,  
"Christ is born in Bethlehem."
- 3 Christ, by highest heav'n ador'd,  
Christ, the everlasting Lord;  
Late in time behold Him come,  
Offspring of a virgin's womb!
- 4 Veil'd in flesh, the Godhead see,  
Hail th' incarnate Deity!  
Pleas'd as man with men t' appear,  
Jesus our Immanuel here.
- 5 Hail the heav'n-born Prince of Peace!  
Hail the Sun of Righteousness!  
Light and life to all He brings,  
Ris'n with healing in his wings.

- 6 Mild He lays his glory by,  
 Born that man no more may die :  
 Born to raise the sons of earth,  
 Born to give them second birth.

HYMN VIII. L. M.

- 1 REJOICE my soul, behold the morn,  
 On which the Prince of Life was born :  
 Messiah leaves his Father's throne ;  
 The glorious Lord of all comes down.  
 Shout all ye flaming hosts above,  
 Let heav'n resound with Jesu's love !  
 In ceaseless Hallelujahs cry—  
 " All glory be to God on high."
- 2 He meekly stoops to visit earth,  
 No honours solemnize his birth ;  
 No outward pomp the God displays,  
 Nor glory decks the Saviour's face.  
 Shout all ye, &c.
- 3 Arise my soul, and hail the day,  
 Nor sleep the solemn hours away ;  
 With angel hosts, arise and sing—  
 " Hosannah to our new-born King."  
 Shout all ye, &c.

HYMN IX. C. M.

- 1 HIGH let us swell our tuneful notes,  
 And join th' angelic throng :

The angels no such love have known  
As we, to wake their song.

2 Good-will to sinful men is shewn,  
And peace on earth is giv'n ;  
For lo ! th' incarnate Saviour comes,  
With messages from heav'n.

3 Justice and grace, with sweet accord,  
His rising beams adorn :  
Let heav'n and earth in concert join,  
"The promis'd Child is born."

4 Glory to God in highest strains  
By highest worlds is paid ;  
Be glory then by us proclaim'd,  
And by our lives display'd.

HYMN X. P. M.

1 ANGELS, from the realms of glory,  
Wing your flight o'er all the earth ;  
Ye, who sang creation's story,  
Now proclaim Messiah's birth :  
Come and worship,  
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

2 Shepherds in the field abiding,  
Watching o'er your flock by night,  
God with man is now residing ;  
Yonder shines the infant light :  
Come and worship,  
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

- 3 Sages, leave your contemplations,  
Brighter visions beam afar ;  
Seek the great Desire of nations,  
Ye have seen his natal star :  
Come and worship,  
Worship Christ, the new-born King.
- 4 Saints, before the altar bending,  
Waiting long with hope and fear,  
Suddenly the Lord, descending,  
In his temple shall appear :  
Come and worship,  
Worship Christ, the new-born King.
- 5 Sinners, wrung with true repentance,  
Doom'd for guilt to endless pains,  
Justice now repeals the sentence,  
Mercy calls you,—break your chains :  
Come and worship,  
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

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HYMN XI. L. M.

- 1 My song shall bless the "Lord of All,"
My praise shall climb to his abode :
Thee, Saviour, by that name I call,
The great, supreme, "The Mighty God."
- 2 Without beginning or decline,
Object of faith, and not of sense ;
Eternal ages saw Him shine,
He shines eternal ages hence.

- 3 As much, when in the manger laid,
Almighty Ruler of the sky,
As when the six-days' work He made
Fill'd all the morning-stars with joy.



New-Year's-Day.

HYMN XII. 7s.

- 1 WHILE, with ceaseless course, the sun
Hasted through the former year,
Many souls their race have run,
Never more to meet us here:
- 2 Fix'd in an eternal state,
They have done with all below ;
We a little longer wait,
But how little—none can know !
- 3 As the winged arrow flies,
Speedily the mark to find ;
As the light'ning from the skies
Darts and leaves no trace behind ;
- 4 Swiftly thus our fleeting days
Bear us down life's rapid stream :
Upwards, Lord, our spirits raise,
All below is but a dream.
- 5 Thanks for mercies past receive,
Pardon of our sins renew,

Teach us henceforth how to live
With eternity in view :

- 6 Bless thy word to young and old,
Fill us with a Saviour's love ;
That when life's short tale is told,
We may dwell with Thee above.

HYMN XIII. L. M.

- 1 FROM all the guilt of former sins,
Lord, may thy mercy set us free ;
And may the year which now begins,
Begin and end in serving Thee.
- 2 Give us, great God, a heart to pray ;
Give us new strength to conquer sin :
Let all old things be done away,
And plant new holiness within.
- 3 Send down thy Spirit from above,
That we may love and serve Thee more ;
And they may learn to serve and love,
Who never serv'd or lov'd before.

HYMN XIV. C. M.

- 1 REMARK, my soul, the narrow bounds
Of the revolving year ;
How swift the weeks complete their
rounds,
How short the months appear.

- 2 So fast eternity comes on,
And that important day,
When all that mortal life has done,
God's judgment shall survey.
- 3 Yet like an idle tale we pass
The swift advancing year:
And study artful ways t' increase
The speed of its career.
- 4 Waken, O God, my trifling heart,
Its great concern to see;
That I may act the christian part,
And give the year to Thee.
-

HYMN XV. C. M.

- 1 GOD of our life! thy various praise
Let mortal voices sound:
Thy hand revolves our fleeting days
And brings the seasons round.
- 2 In every scene of life, thy care,
In every age, we see;
And constant as thy favours are
So let our praises be.
- 3 Still may thy love, in every scene,
In every age, appear;
And let the same compassion deign
To bless the opening year.

- 4 If mercy smile, let mercy bring
Our wandering souls to God:
And in affliction we will sing
If Thou wilt bless the rod.



Epiphany.

HYMN XVI. P. M.

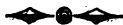
- 1 O'ER the realms of pagan darkness,
Let the eye of pity gaze;
See the kindreds of the people,
Lost in sins bewilder'd maze:
Darkness brooding
On the face of all the earth.
- 2 Light of them that sit in darkness!
Rise and shine, thy blessings bring:
Light, to lighten all the Gentiles!
Rise with healing in thy wing:
To thy brightness
Let all kings and nations come.
- 3 May the heathen, now adoring
Idol-gods of wood and stone,
Come, and, worshipping before Him,
Serve the living God alone:
Let thy glory
Fill the earth as floods the sea.

- 4 Thou, to whom all power is given,
 Speak the word ;—at thy command,
 Let the company of preachers
 Spread thy name from land to land :
 Lord be with them,
 Always, to the end of time.

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HYMN XVII.      S. M.

- 1 WITH heart and lips unfeign'd,  
 We praise Thee for thy word ;  
 We bless Thee for the joyful sound  
 Of our Redemption, Lord.
- 2 Like as the kindly rain  
 Returns not back to heav'n,  
 But cheers, and fruitful makes the earth,  
 The end for which 'twas giv'n.
- 3 So let thy holy word  
 Accomplish thy design ;  
 Sow seeds of truth in ev'ry heart,  
 And consecrate us thine.



Lent.

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HYMN XVIII. 7s.

- 1 BY thy birth and early years,
 By thy human griefs and fears ;
 By thy fasting and distress
 In the lonely wilderness ;

By thy vict'ry in the hour
Of the subtle tempter's pow'r;
Jesus, look with pitying eye,
Hear our solemn litany.

- 2 By the purple robe of scorn,
By thy cross for sinners borne;
By thy triumph o'er the grave;
By thy pow'r from death to save;
Mighty God, ascended Lord!
To thy throne in heav'n restor'd,
Prince and Saviour! hear the cry
Of our solemn litany.

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HYMN XIX.      L. M.

- 1 WHEN gath'ring clouds around I view,  
And days are dark, and friends are few;  
On Him I lean, who not in vain  
Experienc'd ev'ry human pain:  
He sees my griefs, allays my fears,  
And counts and treasures up my tears.
- 2 If aught should tempt my soul to stray,  
From heav'nly wisdom's narrow way;  
To fly the good I would pursue,  
Or do the thing I would not do;  
Still, He who felt temptation's pow'r,  
Shall guard me in that dang'rous hour.
- 3 When vexing thoughts within me rise,  
And sore dismay'd my spirit dies;

When writhing on the bed of pain,  
I supplicate for rest in vain ;  
Still, still, my soul shall think on Thee,  
Thy bloody sweat and agony.

- 4 And oh ! when I have safely past  
Through ev'ry conflict but the last ;  
Wilt Thou, who once for me hast bled,  
In all my sickness make my bed ;  
Then bear me to that happier shore,  
Where thou shalt mark my woes no more?



**Good-Friday.**

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**HYMN XX. C. M.**

- 1 FROM Calvary's cross, a fountain flows  
Of water and of blood,  
More healing than Bethesda's pool,  
Or fam'd Siloam's flood.
- 2 The dying thief rejoic'd to see  
That fountain in his day ;  
And there may sinners vile as he,  
Wash all their guilt away.
- 3 Ne'er shall that fountain's sacred stream  
Lose its all-cleansing pow'r,  
Till the whole ransom'd Church of God  
Be sav'd, to sin no more.

- 4 Jesus! the virtue of thy blood  
To all our souls apply;  
Grant that to Thee we henceforth live,  
Grant that to sin we die:—
- 5 Till, spotless plac'd at thy right hand,  
Safe in the realms above,  
We cast our crowns before thy throne,  
And sing thy boundless love.
- ~~~~~

## HYMN XXI. C. M.

- 1 COME let us join our cheerful songs  
With angels round the throne;  
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,  
But all their joys are one.
- 2 "Worthy the Lamb that died," they cry,  
"To be exalted thus:"  
"Worthy the Lamb," our lips reply,  
"For He was slain for us."
- 3 Jesus is worthy to receive  
Honour and pow'r divine;  
And blessings, more than we can give,  
Be, Lord, for ever thine.
- 4 Let all that dwell above the sky,  
And air, and earth, and seas,  
Conspire to lift thy glories high,  
And speak thine endless praise.

- 5 The whole creation join in one,  
 To bless the sacred name  
 Of Him that sits upon the throne,  
 And to adore the Lamb.

HYMN XXII. S. M.

- 1 Not all the blood of beasts  
 On Jewish alters slain,  
 Could give the guilty conscience peace,  
 Or wash away the stain.
- 2 But Christ the heav'nly Lamb,  
 Takes all our sins away ;  
 A sacrifice of nobler Name,  
 And richer blood than they.
- 3 Believing, we rejoice  
 To see the curse remove ;  
 We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,  
 And sing his heav'nly love.

  
 Easter.

HYMN XXIII. C. M.

- 1 THIS day be grateful homage paid,  
 And loud Hosannahs sung :  
 Let gladness dwell in ev'ry heart,  
 And praise on ev'ry tongue.
- 2 O what a night was that which wrap'd  
 The heathen world in gloom !

O what a Sun, which broke this day  
Refulgent from the tomb!

- 3 Ten thousand different tongues shall join  
To hail this welcome morn,  
Which scatters blessings from its beams  
On nations yet unborn.

HYMN XXIV. 7s.

- 1 JESUS CHRIST is ris'n to day—Hallelujah!  
Our triumphant holy-day;  
Who did once upon the cross  
Suffer to redeem our loss.
- 2 Hymns of praise then let us sing,  
Unto Christ, our Heav'nly King;  
Who endur'd the cross and grave,  
Sinners to redeem and save.
- 3 But the pains which He endur'd  
Our salvation have procur'd;  
Now He reigns triumphant King,  
Where the angels ever sing—Hallelujah!

Ascension.

HYMN XXV. 7s.

- 1 HAIL the day that sees Him rise,  
Glorious to his native skies!  
Christ, awhile to mortals given,  
Enters now the highest heaven.

- 2 There the glorious triumph waits ;  
Lift your heads, eternal gates !  
Christ hath vanquish'd death and sin,  
Take the King of Glory in.
- 3 See, the heav'n its Lord receives !  
Yet He loves the earth He leaves ;  
Though returning to his throne,  
Still He calls mankind his own.
- 4 Still for us He intercedes ;  
His prevailing death He pleads ;  
Near Himself prepares our place,  
Harbinger of human race.



## HYMN XXVI. P. M.

- 1 COME, ye saints, unite your praises ;  
Press around the Saviour's throne :  
Soon, we hope, the Lord will raise us  
To the place where He is gone.  
Meet it is, that we should sing,—  
“Glory,—glory to our King!”
- 2 King of Glory, reign for ever ;  
Thine the everlasting crown !  
From thy love what pow'r shall sever  
Those, whom Thou hast made thine  
Happy objects of thy grace ! [own ?  
Soon they hope to see thy face.



- 3 Saviour, hasten thine appearing ;  
 Bring, O bring the glorious day,  
 When thy foes no more assaulting,  
 All our griefs shall pass away.  
 Then with golden harps we'll sing,—  
 "Glory,—glory to our King!"



Whitsunday.

HYMN XXVII. S. M.

- 1 COME, Holy Spirit, come ;  
 Let thy bright beams arise ;  
 Dispel the darkness from our minds,  
 And open Thou our eyes.
- 2 Revive our drooping faith,  
 Our doubts and fears remove,  
 And kindle in our breast the flame  
 Of never-dying love.
- 3 'Tis thine to cleanse the heart,  
 To sanctify the soul,  
 To pour fresh life on ev'ry part,  
 And new-create the whole.
- 4 Dwell Thou within our heart,  
 Our minds from bondage free ;  
 Then shall we know, and praise, and love,  
 The FATHER, SON, and THEE.

## HYMN XXVIII. L. M.

- 1 SPIRIT of Mercy, Truth and Love!  
O shed thy influence from above,  
And still from age to age convey  
The wonders of this sacred day.
- 2 In ev'ry clime, by ev'ry tongue,  
Be God's amazing glory sung,  
Let all the listening earth be taught  
The acts our Great Redeemer wrought.
- 3 Unfailing Comfort! heav'nly Guide!  
Still o'er thy favour'd Church preside:  
Still may mankind thy blessings prove,  
Spirit of Mercy, Truth and Love!



## Trinity Sunday.

## HYMN XXIX. P. M.

- 1 WE give immortal praise  
To God the FATHER's love,  
For all our comforts here,  
And better hopes above:  
He sent his own Eternal Son,  
To die for sins that men had done.
- 2 To God the SON belongs  
Immortal glory too,  
Who bought us with his blood  
From everlasting woe:  
And now He lives, and now He reigns,  
And sees the fruit of all his pains.

- 3 To God the SPIRIT'S Name  
Immortal worship give,  
Whose new-creating pow'r  
Makes the dead sinner live :  
His work completes the great design,  
And fills the soul with joy divine.
- 4 Almighty God, to Thee  
Be endless honours done,  
The undivided THREE,  
And the mysterious ONE :  
Where Reason fails, with all her pow'rs,  
'There Faith prevails, and Love adores.



### Morning Hymn.

#### HYMN XXX. L. M.

- 1 AWAKE, my soul, and with the sun  
Thy daily stage of duty run ;  
Shake off dull sloth, and early rise,  
To pay thy morning sacrifice.
- 2 Redeem thy mispent time that's past,  
And live this day as 'twere thy last ;  
T' improve thy talents take due care :  
'Gainst the Great Day thyself prepare.
- 3 Let all thy converse be sincere,  
Thy conscience as the noon-day clear ;  
Think how th' all-seeing God thy ways  
And all thy secret thoughts surveys.

- 4 Wake and lift up thyself, my heart,  
And with the angels bear thy part,  
Who all night long unwearied sing  
Glory to th' Eternal King.
- 5 Glory to Thee who safe hast kept,  
And hast refresh'd me whilst I slept :  
Grant Lord, when I from death shall wake,  
I may of endless life partake.
- 6 Lord, I my vows to Thee renew :  
Scatter my sins as morning dew :  
Guard my first springs of thought and will,  
And with Thyself my spirit fill.
- 7 Direct, controul, suggest this day,  
All I design, or do, or say ;  
That all my pow'rs, with all their might,  
In thy sole glory may unite.
- 8 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow ;  
Praise Him, all creatures here below ;  
Praise Him above, y' angelic host :  
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.



**Evening Hymn.**

**HYMN XXXI. L. M.**

- 1 GLORY to Thee, my God, this night,  
For all the blessings of the light :  
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,  
Under thine own Almighty wings.

- 2 Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,  
The ills which I this day have done;  
That with the world, myself, and Thee,  
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.
- 3 Teach me to live that I may dread  
The grave as little as my bed;  
Teach me to die, that so I may  
With joy behold the judgment-day.
- 4 If wakeful in the night I lie,  
My soul with heav'nly thoughts supply;  
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,  
No pow'rs of darkness me molest.
- 5 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;  
Praise Him, all creatures here below;  
Praise Him above y' angelic host:  
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.



### Missionary Hymns.

#### HYMN XXXII. C. M.

- 1 THERE is a River, deep and broad;  
Its course no mortal knows;  
It fills with joy the church of God,  
And widens as it flows.
- 2 Thither, distressed souls repair:  
The Lord invites them nigh:  
They leave their cares and sorrows there;  
They drink, and never die.

- 3 Flow on, sweet stream, more largely flow,  
 The earth with gladness fill;  
 Flow on, till all the Saviour know,  
 And all obey his will.

HYMN XXXIII. L. M.

- 1 THERE will arrive a glorious day  
 —The morning hours are on their way—  
 When all the Saviour's name shall know,  
 And ev'ry knee to Jesus bow.
- 2 Then shall the Gospel's joyful sound  
 Be heard in earth's remotest bound:  
 The word is fix'd; ye saints rejoice,  
 Let prayer and praise inspire your voice.
- 3 Light of the world and Prince of Peace,  
 Whose gracious reign must still increase,  
 O shed thy beams on ev'ry heart,  
 That war and discord may depart.
- 4 Weak are our efforts, but thy power  
 Can all we wish effect, and more.  
 The labourers, Lord, are yet too few,  
 O call and send them forth anew.

HYMN XXXIV. L. M.

- 1 MARK'D as the purpose of the skies,  
 His promise meets our anxious eyes;  
 That heathen lands the Lord shall know,  
 And warm with faith each bosom glow.

- 2 E'en now, the hallow'd scenes appear ;  
 E'en now, unfolds the promis'd year :  
 Lo ! distant shores thy heralds trace,  
 And swell the tidings of thy grace.
- 3 'Mid burning climes and frozen plains,  
 Where pagan darkness brooding reigns,  
 Oh ! mark their steps, their fears subdue,  
 And nerve their arm, and clear their view.
- 4 When, worn by toil, their spirits fail,  
 Bid them the future prospect hail ;  
 Bid them the crown of life survey,  
 And onward urge their glorious way.
- 5 So, o'er the Indian's gloomy night,  
 Truth shall diffuse her radiant light ;  
 And mild Religion's power controul  
 The stormy passions of his soul.

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HYMN XXXV. P. M.

- 1 FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
 From India's coral strand,
 Where Afric's sunny fountains
 Roll down their golden sand ;
 From many an ancient river,
 From many a palmy plain,—
 They call us to deliver
 Their land from error's chain.

- 2 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
 With wisdom from on high,
 Shall we to men benighted
 The lamp of light deny?
 Salvation! O salvation!
 The joyful sound proclaim,
 'Till each remotest nation
 Has learn'd Messiah's name.
- 3 Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,
 And you, ye waters, roll,
 'Till like a sea of glory,
 It spreads from pole to pole;
 'Till, o'er our ransom'd nature
 The Lamb for sinners slain,
 Redeemer, King, Creator,
 In bliss returns to reign.



Conversion of the Jews.

HYMN XXXVI. L. M.

- 1 GREAT God of Abraham! hear our pray'r;
 Let Abraham's seed thy mercy share:
 Oh! may they now at length return,
 And look on him they pierc'd, and mourn.
- 2 Remember Jacob's flock of old;
 Bring home the wanderers to thy fold:
 Remember too thy promis'd word,
 "Israel at last shall seek the Lord."

- 3 Tho' outcasts still, estrang'd from Thee,
Cut off from their own olive-tree,
Why should they longer such remain?
For Thou canst graft them in again.
- 4 Lord, put thy law within their hearts,
And write it in their inward parts;
The veil of darkness rend in two,
Which hides Messiah from their view.
- 5 Oh! haste the day, foretold so long,
When Jew and Greek, (a glorious throng)
One houseshall seek, one pray'r shall pour,
And one Redeemer shall adore.



Education.

HYMN XXXVII. C. M.

- 1 THE Lord's command is wise and good,
That we our offspring train
To walk betimes the heavenly road,
That they may there remain.
- 2 But ah! what numbers ev'ry where
In paths of misery go;
Destroy'd for want of knowledge here,
A prey to ev'ry foe.
- 3 O pity then the friendless poor,
Who err from wisdom's way;
And open wide her sacred door
To all, that go astray.

- 4 Give them access to Jesu's word,
Where they his ways may learn,
The means to seek and know the Lord,
If haply they may turn.

HYMN XXXVIII. P. M.

CHILDREN.

- 1 COME, let our voice ascend,
In one glad song of praise;
To God, the God of love,
Our grateful hearts we raise:

CONGREGATION.

To God alone the praise belongs;
He claims our earliest, latest songs.

CHILDREN.

- 2 Now we are taught to read
The book of life divine:
Where our Redeemer's love,
And brightest glories shine:

CONGREGATION.

To God alone the praise is due;
Who sends his word to us and you.

CHILDREN.

- 3 Within these hallow'd walls
Our wand'ring feet are brought;
Where prayer and praise ascend,
And heav'nly truths are taught:

CONGREGATION:

To God alone your praises bring ;
 Let young and old his praises sing.

CHORUS.—CONGREGATION AND CHILDREN.

- 4 Lord, bid this work of love
 Be crown'd with meet success :
 May thousands, yet unborn,
 This institution bless :
 Thus shall the praise resound to Thee,
 In time, and to eternity.

HYMN XXXIX. C. M.

- 1 HEAR, Lord, the song of praise and pray'r,
 In heav'n thy dwelling-place,
 From children made the public care,
 And taught to seek thy face.
- 2 Thanks for thy word, and for thy day !
 And grant us, we implore,
 Never to waste, in sinful play,
 Thy holy sabbaths more.
- 3 Thanks that we hear : but oh ! impart
 To each desires sincere,
 That we may listen with the heart,
 And *learn* as well as *hear*.
- 4 O Lord ! do Thou our spirits take
 Beneath thy gracious sway,
 Who canst the wisest wiser make,
 And babes as wise as they.

- 5 Wisdom and bliss thy word bestows,
A sun that ne'er declines;
And be thy mercy shower'd on those
Who place us where it shines.

HYMN XL. C. M.

- 1 THY throne, O God! in righteousness
For ever shall endure;
We bow before it; deign to bless
The children of the poor.
- 2 Thy wisdom fix'd our lowly birth,
Yet we thy goodness share;
Still make us, while we dwell on earth,
The children of thy care.
- 3 Thou art our Shepherd, glorious God!
Thy little flock behold;
And guide us by thy staff and rod,
The children of thy fold.
- 4 We praise thy name that we are brought
To this thy holy place;
That we are watch'd, and warn'd, and
The children of thy grace. [taught,
- 5 O may our friends, thy servants here,
Meet all our souls above;
And they and we in heav'n appear;
The children of thy love.



HYMN XLI. 7s.

- 1 JESUS, Refuge of my soul,
To thy shelt'ring arms I fly,
While the raging billows roll,
While the tempest still is high.
- 2 Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past:
Safe into the haven guide:
O receive my soul at last!
- 3 All my trust on Thee is stay'd,
All my help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of thy wing.
- 4 Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
Grace to pardon all my sin:
Let the healing streams abound;
Make and keep me pure within.

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HYMN XLII. C. M.

- 1 WHEN we can view our prospect clear  
To mansions in the skies,  
We bid farewell to ev'ry fear,  
And dry our weeping eyes.
- 2 Should earth against our souls engage,  
And fiery darts be hurl'd,  
We then can smile at all their rage,  
And face a frowning world.

- 3 Let cares, like a wild deluge come,  
And storms of sorrow fall,  
May we but safely reach our home,  
Our God ! our Heaven ! our All !
- 4 There shall we stay our weary souls  
In scenes of changeless rest ;  
Where not a wave of trouble rolls  
Across the peaceful breast.

HYMN XLIII. C. M.

- 1 ETERNAL God ! we look to Thee ;  
To Thee for help we fly :  
Thine eye alone our wants can see,  
Thy hand alone supply.
- 2 From path to path we roam for rest,  
But all our search is vain ;  
We seek for life among the dead,  
For joy, where sorrows reign.
- 3 Alas ! by passion's force subdued,  
Too oft with stubborn will,  
We blindly shun the latent good,  
And choose the specious ill.
- 4 Not what we wish, but what we want,  
Oh ! let thy grace supply :  
The good, unask'd, in mercy grant ;  
The ill, though ask'd, deny.

## HYMN XLIV. C. M.

- 1 FOUNTAIN of mercy, God of love!  
How rich thy bounties are!  
The rolling seasons, as they move,  
Proclaim thy constant care.
- 2 When in the bosom of the earth  
The sower hid the grain,  
Thy goodness mark'd its secret birth,  
And sent the early rain.
- 3 The spring's sweet influence, Lord, was  
The plants in beauty grew; [thine;  
Thou gav'st refulgent suns to shine,  
And mild refreshing dew.
- 4 These various mercies from above  
Matur'd the swelling grain;  
A kindly harvest crowns thy love,  
And plenty fills the plain.
- 5 We own and bless thy gracious sway;  
Thy hand all nature hails;  
Seed-time, nor harvest, night nor day,  
Summer nor winter, fails.

## HYMN XLV. P. M.

- 1 BLOW ye the trumpet, blow  
The gladly solemn sound!  
Let all the nations know,  
To earth's remotest bound,—

The year of Jubilee is come ;  
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

2 Exalt the Lamb of God,  
The sin-atoning Lamb ;  
Redemption by his blood  
Through ev'ry land proclaim :  
The year of Jubilee, &c.

3 Jesus, our great High-Priest,  
Hath full atonement made ;  
Ye weary spirits, rest ;  
Ye mourning souls, be glad !  
The year of Jubilee, &c.



# HYMN XLVI. C. M.

1 AWAKE, our souls, and bless his name,  
Whose mercies never fail ;  
Who opens wide a door of hope  
In Achor's gloomy vale.

2 Behold the portal wide display'd,  
The buildings strong and fair ;  
Within are pastures fresh and green,  
And living streams are there.

3 Enter my soul, with cheerful haste,  
For Jesus is the door ;  
Nor fear the serpent's wily arts,  
Nor fear the lion's roar.



- 4 O may thy grace the nations lead,  
 And Jews and Gentiles come,  
 All travelling through one beauteous gate  
 To one eternal home.

HYMN XLVII. 7s.

- 1 Rock of ages! cleft for me,  
 Let me hide myself in Thee;  
 Let the water and the blood,  
 From thy side, a healing flood,  
 Be of sin the double cure;  
 Save from wrath, and make me pure.
- 2 Should my tears for ever flow,  
 Should my zeal no langour know,  
 This for sin could not atone;  
 Thou must save, and Thou alone;  
 In my hand no price I bring,  
 Simply to thy cross I cling.
- 3 While I draw this fleeting breath,  
 When mine eye-lids close in death,  
 When I rise to worlds unknown,  
 And behold Thee on thy throne,  
 Rock of ages! cleft for me,  
 Let me hide myself in Thee.

HYMN XLVIII. C. M.

- 1 JESUS, Thou "Man of sorrows," born  
 To suff'ring here below,

- To toil through poverty and scorn,  
Through weakness, and through wo:—
- 2 Immanuel! who, by every grief,  
By each temptation tried,  
Hast liv'd to yield our wants relief,  
And, to redeem us, died!
- 3 If, gaily cloth'd, and proudly fed,  
In careless ease we dwell;  
Remind us of thy manger-bed,  
And lowly cottage-cell.
- 4 If, press'd by penury severe,  
In envious want we pine,  
May conscience whisper in our ear,  
A poorer lot was thine.
- 5 From all the viewless snares of sin,  
Preserve us firm and free;  
As 'Thou, like us, hast tempted been,  
May we rejoice with Thee.

HYMN XLIX. S. M.

- 1 My few revolving years,  
How swift they glide away!  
How short the term of life appears,  
When past—but as a day!
- 2 A dark and cloudy day,  
Made up of grief and sin,  
A host of enemies without,  
Distressing fears within.

- 3 Lord, through another year,  
 If Thou permit my stay,  
 With diligence may I pursue  
 The true and living way!

HYMN L. L. M.

- 1 BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne,  
 Ye nations, bow with sacred joy;  
 Know that the Lord is God alone;  
 He can create, and He destroy.
- 2 His Sov'reign pow'r, without our aid,  
 Made us of clay, and form'd us men;  
 And when like wand'ring sheep we stray'd,  
 He brought us to his fold again.
- 3 We'll crowd thy gates with thankful  
 songs;  
 High as the heav'ns our voices raise;  
 And earth with her ten thousand tongues,  
 Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.
- 4 Wide as the world is thy command;  
 Vast as eternity thy love:  
 Firm as a rock thy truth shall stand,  
 When rolling years shall cease to move.

HYMN LI. C. M.

- 1 THERE is a land of pure delight,  
 Where saints immortal reign:

Infinite day excludes the night,  
And pleasures banish pain.

2 Lo! rising from the swelling flood,  
Th' eternal hills are seen!  
So Canaan's promis'd land was view'd,  
While Jordan roll'd between.

3 But timorous mortals start and shrink,  
To cross the narrow sea,  
And linger, shivering on the brink,  
Afraid to launch away.

4 Oh! could we make our doubts remove,  
Those gloomy doubts that rise;  
And see the Canaan that we love,  
With faith's illumin'd eyes;

5 Could we but climb where Moses stood,  
And view the landscape o'er,  
Not Jordan's waves, nor death's cold flood,  
Should fright us from the shore.



### *Funeral.*

## HYMN LII. L. M.

1 LIFE is the time to serve the Lord,  
The time to ensure the great reward:  
And while the lamp holds out to burn,  
The vilest sinner may return.

- 2 Life is the hour, that God has given  
To 'scape from hell, and fly to heaven;  
The day of grace, and mortals may  
Secure the blessings of the day.
- 3 There are no acts of pardon pass'd  
In the cold grave, to which we haste;  
But torment, horror, and despair  
Shall meet remorseless sinners there.
- 4 Then, what our thoughts design to do,  
May we, with all our might, pursue;  
Since no device, nor work is found,  
Wisdom, nor grace beneath the ground.

HYMN LIII. C. M.

- 1 HEAR what the voice from heaven pro-  
claims,  
For all the pious dead;  
Sweet is the savour of their names,  
And soft their sleeping bed.
- 2 They die in Jesus, and are blest,  
How kind their slumbers are!  
From sufferings and from sins releas'd,  
And freed from every snare.
- 3 Far from this world of toil and strife,  
They're present with the Lord;  
The labours of their mortal life  
End in a large reward.

**Fast.**  

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**HYMN LIV. P. M.**

- 1 **DREAD Jehovah ! God of nations,  
From thy temple in the skies,  
Hear thy people's supplications,  
Now for their deliverance rise.  
Lo ! with deep contrition turning,  
Humbly at thy feet we bend ;  
Fasting, praying, weeping, mourning,  
Hear us, spare us, and defend.**
- 2 **Though our sins, our hearts confounding,  
Long and loud for vengeance call,  
Thou hast mercy more abounding ;  
Jesus' blood can cleanse them all ;  
Let that mercy veil transgression,  
Let that blood our guilt efface ;  
Save thy people from oppression,  
Save from spoil thy holy-place.**
- 3 **Hear, O God, the vows we render ;  
With our hosts to battle go :  
Shield the head of each defender,  
And confound the haughty foe :  
So, when ceased the battle's raging,  
Thine shall be the victor's praise ;  
And, in holy bonds engaging,  
We will serve Thee all our days,**

**Thanksgiving for Victory.****HYMN LV. C. M.**

- 1 ZION rejoice, and Judah sing,  
The Lord assumes his throne:  
Let Britain own the heav'nly King,  
And make his glories known.
- 2 The Great, the Wicked, and the Proud,  
From their high seats are hurl'd;  
Jehovah rides upon a cloud,  
And thunders through the world.
- 3 He reigns upon th' eternal hills,  
Distributes mortal crowns;  
Empires are fix'd beneath his smiles,  
And totter at his frowns.
- 4 Let tyrants make no more pretence  
To vex our happy land;  
Jehovah's name is our defence,  
Our buckler is his hand.

**Sacrament.****HYMN LVI. C. M.**

- 1 FATHER, we wait to feel thy grace,  
To see thy glories shine;  
The Lord will his own table bless,  
And make the Feast divine.

- 2 We touch, we taste the heav'nly bread,  
We drink the sacred cup;  
With outward forms our sense is fed,  
Our souls rejoice in hope.
- 3 We shall appear before the throne  
Of our forgiving God,  
Dress'd in the garments of his Son,  
And sprinkled with his blood.
- 4 We shall be strong to run the race,  
And climb the upper sky;  
Christ will provide our souls with grace,  
He bought a large supply.



## HYMN LVII. C. M.

- 1 COME let us lift our joyful eyes  
Up to the courts above,  
And smile to see our Father there  
Upon a throne of love.
- 2 Once 'twas a seat of dreadful wrath,  
And shot devouring flame;  
Our God appear'd consuming fire,  
And vengeance was his name.
- 3 Rich were the drops of Jesus' blood  
That calm'd his frowning face,  
That sprinkled o'er the burning throne,  
And turn'd the wrath to grace.



- 4 Now we may bow before his feet,  
And venture near the Lord ;  
No fi'ry cherub guards his seat,  
Nor double-flaming sword.
- 5 The peaceful gates of heav'nly bliss  
Are open'd by the Son ;  
High let us raise our notes of praise,  
And reach th' Almighty throne.
- 6 To Thee ten thousand thanks we bring,  
Great Advocate on high ;  
And glory to th' eternal King,  
That lays his fury by.



END OF THE HYMNS.



# DOXOLOGIES.



## I. L. M.

To God the Father, God the Son,  
And God the Spirit, Three in One,  
Be honour, praise, and glory giv'n,  
By all on earth, and all in heav'n.

## II. L. M.

PRAISE God, from whom all blessings flow;  
Praise Him, all creatures here below;  
Praise Him above, ye heav'nly host;  
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!

## III. C. M.

HONOUR to Thee, Almighty Three,  
And everlasting One;  
All glory to the Father be,  
The Spirit, and the Son.

## IV. C. M.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
The God whom we adore,  
Be glory; as it was, is now,  
And shall be evermore.

## V. S. M.

GIVE to the Father praise,  
Give glory to the Son,  
To God the Spirit of all Grace,  
Be equal honour done.

## VI. 7s.

PRAISE the name of God most High,  
Praise Him, all below the sky;  
Praise Him, all ye heav'nly host;  
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!

## VII. The old 104th.

By Angels in heav'n  
Of ev'ry degree,  
And saints upon earth,  
All praise be address'd  
To God in Three Persons,  
One God ever blest,  
As it hath been, now is,  
And always shall be.

## VIII. The old 148th.

To God the Father's throne  
Perpetual honours raise;  
Glory to God the Son,  
To God the Spirit praise:  
And while our lips  
Their tribute bring,  
Our faith adores  
The Name we sing.

# APPENDIX.



## Epiphany.

### HYMN I. P. M.

- 1 **BRIGHTEST** and best of the sons of the  
morning,  
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine  
aid ;  
Star of the east, the horizon adorning,  
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.
- 2 Cold on his cradle the dew-drops are  
shining,  
Low lies his bed with the beasts of the  
stall ;  
Angels adore Him in slumber reclining,—  
Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour of all.
- 3 Say, shall we yield Him, in costly devo-  
tion,  
Odours of Edom, and off'rings divine,  
Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the  
ocean,  
Myrrh from the forest, and gold from the  
mine ?

- 4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation,  
Vainly with gold would his favour secure;  
Richer by far is the heart's adoration,  
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.
- 5 Brightest and best of the sons of the  
morning,  
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine  
aid;  
Star of the east, the horizon adorning,  
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.



**Third Sunday after Epiphany.**

**HYMN II. 8—7.**

- 1 LORD! whose grace, in pow'r excelling,  
Wash'd the leper's stains away;  
Jesus, from thy holy dwelling,  
Hear us, help us when we pray!—
- 2 From the filth of vice and folly,  
From infuriate passion's rage,  
Evil thoughts, and hopes unholy,  
Heedless youth, and selfish age;
- 3 From the lusts, whose deep pollution  
Adam's elder taint disclose;  
From the tempter's dark intrusion,  
And from everlasting woes;

- 4 From the miser's cursed treasure ;  
From the drunkard's jest obscene ;  
From the world, its pomp and pleasure,  
Jesus, Master, make us clean.



## HYMN III. C. M.

Christ calling.—Matt. iv. 19.

- 1 How long the time since Christ began,  
To call in vain on me !  
Deaf to his warning voice, I ran  
Through paths of vanity.
- 2 He call'd me, when my thoughtless prime  
Was early ripe to ill ;  
I pass'd from folly on to crime,  
And yet He call'd me still.
- 3 He call'd me, in the time of dread,  
When death was full in view ;  
I trembled on my feverish bed,  
And rose to sin anew.
- 4 Yet could I hear Him once again,  
As I have heard of old,  
Methinks He should not call in vain  
His wanderer to the fold.
- 5 O Thou, that every thought dost know,  
And answerest every prayer !  
Try me with sickness, want or wo,  
But snatch me from despair.

- 6 My struggling will by grace controul,  
 Renew my broken vow :  
 What blessed light breaks on my soul !  
 My God ! I hear Thee now.

HYMN IV. 7s.

*Signs of the Judgment.*

- 1 IN the sun, and moon, and stars,  
 Signs and wonders there shall be ;  
 Earth shall quake with inward wars,  
 Nations with perplexity.
- 2 Soon shall ocean's hoary deep,  
 Toss'd with stronger tempests, rise ;  
 Wilder storms the mountains sweep,  
 Louder thunder rock the skies.
- 3 Dread alarms shall shake the proud,  
 Pale amazement, restless fear ;  
 And, amid the thunder cloud,  
 Shall the Judge of men appear !
- 4 But, though from his awful face  
 Heaven shall fade, and earth shall fly,  
 Fear not ye, his chosen race,  
 Your redemption draweth nigh.

HYMN V. L. M.

*For the Redeemer's return to his Church.*

- 1 O SAVIOUR ! is thy promise fled ?  
 Nor longer may thy grace endure,

- To heal the sick and raise the dead,  
And preach thy gospel to the poor?
- 2 Come, Jesus! come, return again,  
With brighter beams thy servant bless,  
Who long to hail thy perfect reign,  
And share thy kingdom's happiness.
- 3 A feeble race, by passion driven,  
In darkness and in doubt we roam,  
And lift our anxious eyes to heaven,  
Our hope, our harbour, and our home.
- 4 Come, Jesus! come; and as of yore,  
Thy Prophet went to clear the way,  
A harbinger thy feet before,  
A dawning to thy brighter day;
- 5 So, ere again we see thy face,  
Our stony hearts for truth prepare;  
Sow in our souls the seed of grace,  
Then come, and reap thy harvest there.

~~~~~

HYMN VI. P. M.

"Save, Lord! or we perish."—Matt. viii. 25.

- 1 WHEN through the torn sail the wild
tempest is streaming,
When o'er the dark wave the red light-
ning is gleaming,
Nor hope lends a ray, the poor seaman to
cherish,
We fly to our Maker: "Save, Lord! or
we perish."

- 2 O Jesus! once rock'd on the breast of the
 billow,
 Arous'd by the shriek of despair from
 thy pillow,
 Now seated in glory, the mariner cherish,
 Who cries in his anguish, "Save, Lord!
 or we perish."
- 3 And, O! when the whirlwind of passion
 is raging,
 When sin in our hearts his wild warfare
 is waging,
 Then send down thy grace, thy redeemed
 to cherish,
 Rebuke the destroyer; "Save, Lord! or
 we perish."

~~~~~

HYMN VII. S. M.

Discipline.

- 1 O THROW away thy rod,  
 O throw away thy wrath!  
 My gracious Saviour and my God,  
 O take the gentle path!
- 2 Thou seest my heart's desire  
 Still unto Thee is bent;  
 Still does my longing soul aspire  
 To an entire consent.
- 3 Not even a word or look  
 Do I approve or own,

But by the model of thy book,  
Thy sacred book alone.

- 4 Although I fail, I weep;  
Although I halt in pace,  
Yet still with trembling steps I creep  
Unto the throne of grace.
- 5 O then let wrath remove;  
For love will do the deed:  
Love will the conquest gain; with love  
E'en stony hearts will bleed.
- 6 O throw away thy rod!  
What though man frailties hath?  
Thou art my Saviour and my God;  
O throw away thy wrath!



**Sunday after Christmas,**

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**HYMN VIII. 7s.**

- 1 LORD of mercy and of might,  
Of mankind the life and light,  
Maker, Teacher, infinite!  
Jesus, hear and save!
- 2 Who, when sins primæval doom  
Gave creation to the tomb,  
Didst not scorn a virgin's womb;  
Jesus, hear and save!

- 3 Prince of Salem, Saviour mild,  
Humbled to a mortal child,  
Captive, beaten, bound, revil'd ;  
Jesus, hear and save !
- 4 Thron'd above celestial things,  
Borne aloft on angels' wings,  
Lord of lords, and King of kings ;  
Jesus, hear and save !
- 5 Soon to come to earth again,  
Judge of angels and of men,  
Hear us now and hear us then !  
Jesus, hear and save !

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IN SERVICE HIGH AND ANTHEMS CLEAR,  
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DISSOLVE ME INTO EXTACIES,  
AND BRING ALL HEAV'N BEFORE MINE EYES.

MILTON.

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# PSALMS.

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## PSALM 1.

1 **H**OW blest is he who ne'er consents  
By ill advice to walk ;  
Nor stands in sinner's ways, nor sits,  
Where men profanely talk.

2 But makes the perfect law of God  
His bus'ness and delight ;  
Devoutly reads therein by day,  
And meditates by night.

3 Like some fair tree, which, fed by streams,  
With timely fruit does bend,  
He still shall flourish, and success  
All his designs attend.

4 For God approves the just man's ways,  
To happiness they tend ;  
But sinners, and the path they tread,  
Shall both in ruin end.



## PSALM 2.

- 1 **A**TTEND, O earth, whilst I declare  
 God's uncontroul'd degree ;  
 "Thou art my son, this day my heir  
 "Have I begotten thee.
- 2 "Ask and receive thy full demands ;  
 "Thine shall the heathen be ;  
 "The utmost limits of the land  
 "Shall be possess'd by thee."
- 3 Appease the Son with due respect,  
 Your timely homage pay ;  
 Lest he revenge the bold neglect,  
 Incens'd by your delay.
- 4 If but in part his anger rise,  
 Who can endure the flame ?  
 Then blest are they whose hope relies  
 On his most holy name.

## PSALM 4.

- 1 **S**TAND ye in awe of God's commands,  
 Flee ev'ry thing that's ill ;  
 Commune in private with your hearts,  
 And bend them to his will.
- 2 The place of other sacrifice  
 Let righteousness supply ;  
 And let your hope, securely fix'd,  
 On God alone rely.
- 3 While worldly minds impatient grow  
 More prosp'rous times to see,

Still let the glories of thy face  
Shine brightly, Lord, on me.

4 To Father, Son, and Holy-Ghost,  
The God whom we adore,  
Be glory ; as it was, is now,  
And shall be evermore.

PSALM 8.

1 O Thou to whom all creatures bow  
Within this earthly frame,  
Through all the world how great art thou !  
How glorious is thy name !

2 When heav'n, thy beauteous work on high,  
Employs my wand'ring sight ;  
The moon that nightly rules the sky,  
With stars of feebler light ;

3 What's man, (say I,) that, Lord, thou lov'st  
To keep him in thy mind ?  
Or what his offspring, that thou prov'st  
To them so wond'rous kind ?

4 Him next in pow'r thou didst create  
To thy celestial train ;  
Ordain'd with dignity and state  
O'er all thy works to reign.

5 They jointly own his pow'rful sway ;  
The beasts that prey or graze ;  
The bird that wings its airy way ;  
The fish that cuts the seas.

6 O thou, to whom all creatures bow  
Within this earthly frame,

Thro' all the world how great art thou !  
How glorious is thy name !

PSALM 8. OLD VERSION.

- 1 **O** God our Lord, how wonderful  
Are thy works ev'ry where !  
Thy fame surmounts in dignity  
The highest heav'ns that are.
- 2 Ev'n by the mouth of sucking babes  
Thou wilt confound thy foes !  
For in those babes thy might is seen,  
Thy graces they disclose.
- 3 And when I see the heav'ns above,  
The work of thine own hand,  
The sun, the moon, and all the stars,  
In order as they stand ;
- 4 Lord, what is man, that thou of him  
Tak'st such abundant care !  
Or what the Son of Man, whom thou  
To visit dost not spare !

PSALM 9.

- 1 **T**O celebrate thy praise, O Lord,  
I will my heart prepare ;  
To all the list'ning world thy works,  
Thy wond'rous works, declare.
- 3 The thought of them shall to my soul  
Exalted pleasure bring ;  
Whilst to thy name, O thou most high,  
Triumphant praise I sing.

3 All those who have his goodness prov'd,  
Will in his truth confide;  
Whose mercy ne'er forsook the man  
That on his help rely'd.

4 Sing praises, therefore, to the Lord  
From Sion, his abode;  
Proclaim his deeds, till all the world  
Confess no other God.

PSALM 16.

1 MY soul shall ever bless the Lord,  
Whose precepts give me light,  
And private counsel still afford  
In sorrow's dismal night.

2 I strive each action to approve  
To his all-seeing eye;  
No dangers shall my hopes remove,  
Because he still is nigh.

3 Therefore my heart all grief defies,  
My glory shall rejoice:  
My flesh shall rest in hope to rise,  
Wak'd by his pow'rful voice.

3 Thou, Lord, when I resign my breath,  
My soul from hell shalt free;  
Nor let thy holy one in death  
The least corruption see.

5 Thou shalt the paths of life display,  
That to thy presence lead;  
Where pleasures dwell without allay,  
And joys that never fade.

## PSALM 18.

- 1 **N**O change of time shall ever shock  
     My firm affection, Lord, to thee ;  
 For thou hast always been my rock,  
     A fortress and defence to me.
- 2 Thou my deliverer art, my God,  
     My trust is in thy mighty pow'r :  
 Thou art my shield from foes abroad,  
     At home my safeguard and my tow'r
- 3 Thou suit'st, O Lord, thy righteous ways  
     To various paths of human kind ;  
 They who for mercy merit praise,  
     With thee shall wond'rous mercy find.
- 4 Thou to the just shalt justice show,  
     The pure thy purity shall see ;  
 Such as perversely chuse to go,  
     Shall meet with due returns from thee.

## PSALM 18. OLD VERSION.

- 1 **O** God, my strength and fortitude,  
     Of force I must love thee ;  
 Thou art my castle and defence  
     In my necessity :
- 2 My God, my rock, in whom I trust,  
     The worker of my wealth ;  
 My refuge, buckler, and my shield,  
     The horn of all my health.
- 3 When I sing laud unto the Lord,  
     Most worthy to be serv'd ;

Then from my foes I am right sure  
That I shall be preserv'd.

4 To Father, Son, and Holy-Ghost  
All glory be therefore ;

As in beginning was, is now,  
And shall be evermore.

PART 2.

1 **T**HE Lord descended from above,  
And bow'd the heav'n's most high ;

And underneath his feet he cast  
The darkness of the sky :

2 On cherubs and on cherubims  
Full royally he rode,

And on the wings of mighty winds  
Came flying all abroad.

PSALM 19.

1 **T**HE heav'n's declare thy glory, Lord,  
Which that alone can fill ;

The firmament and stars express  
Their great Creator's skill.

2 The dawn of each returning day  
Fresh beams of knowledge brings ;

From darkest night's successive rounds  
Divine instruction springs.

3 Their pow'rful language to no realm  
Or region is confin'd ;

'Tis nature's voice, and understood  
Alike by all mankind.

- 4 Their doctrine does its sacred sense  
Through earth's extent display ;  
Whose bright contents the circling sun  
Does round the world convey.

## PART 2.

- 1 **G**OD's perfect law converts the soul,  
Reclaims from false desires ;  
With sacred wisdom his sure word  
The ignorant inspires.
- 2 The statutes of the Lord are just,  
And bring sincere delight ;  
His pure commands, in search of truth,  
Assist the feeblest sight.
- 3 His perfect worship here is fix'd,  
On sure foundations laid ;  
His equal laws are in the scales  
Of truth and justice weigh'd.
- 4 Of more esteem than golden mines,  
Or gold refin'd with skill ;  
More sweet than honey, or the drops  
That from the comb distil.
- 5 My trusty counsellors they are,  
And friendly warnings give ;  
Divine rewards attend on those  
Who by thy precepts live.

## PSALM 20.

- 1 **T**HE Lord to thy request attend,  
And hear thee in distress:

The name of Jacob's God defend,  
And grant thy arms success.

2 To aid thee from on high repair,  
And strength from Sion give :  
Remember all thy offerings there,  
Thy sacrifice receive.

3 To compass thy own heart's desire,  
Thy counsels still direct ;  
Make kindly all events conspire  
To bring them to effect.

4 To thy salvation, Lord, for aid  
We cheerfully repair,  
With banners in thy name display'd  
"The Lord accept our prayer."

5 Our hopes are fix'd, that now the Lord  
Our sovereign will defend ;  
From heav'n resistless aid afford,  
And to his pray'r attend.

PSALM 23.

1 **T**HE Lord himself, the mighty Lord,  
Vouchsafes to be my guide ;  
The shepherd, by whose constant care  
My wants are all supply'd.

2 In tender grass he makes me feed,  
And gently there repose ;  
Then leads me to cool shades, and where  
Refreshing water flows.



- 3 He does my wand'ring soul reclaim,  
And, to his endless praise,  
Instruct with humble zeal to walk  
In his most righteous ways.
- 4 Since God doth thus his wond'rous love  
Thro' all my life extend,  
That life to him I will devote,  
And in his temple spend.

## PSALM 23. OLD VERSION.

- 1 MY shepherd is the living Lord,  
Nothing therefore I need :  
In pastures fair, near pleasant streams,  
He setteth me to feed.
- 2 He shall convert and glad my soul,  
And bring my mind in frame,  
To walk in paths of righteousness,  
For his most holy name.
- 3 Yea, though I walk in vale of death,  
Yet will I fear no ill :  
Thy rod and staff do comfort me,  
And thou art with me still.
- 4 Thro' all my life thy favour is  
So frankly shew'd to me,  
That in thy house for evermore  
My dwelling-place shall be.

## PSALM 24.

- 1 THIS spacious earth is all the Lord's,  
The Lord's her fullness is:

The world, and they that dwell therein,  
By sov'reign right are his.

2 But for himself this Lord of all  
One chosen seat design'd ;  
O ! who shall to that sacred hill  
Desir'd admittance find !

3 The man whose hands and heart are pure,  
Whose thoughts from pride are free ;  
Who honest poverty prefers  
To gainful perjury.

5 This, this is he, on whom the Lord  
Shall show'r his blessings down,  
Whom God his Saviour shall vouchsafe  
With righteousness to crown.

5 Such is the race of saints, by whom  
The sacred courts are trod ;  
And such the proselytes that seek  
The face of Jacob's God.

## PART 2.

1 **E**RECT your heads, eternal gates,  
Unfold to entertain  
The King of Glory ; see, he comes  
With his celestial train.

2 Who is the King of Glory ? who ?  
The Lord for strength renown'd ;  
In battle mighty, o'er his foes  
Eternal victor crown'd.

2 Erect your heads, ye gates, unfold  
In state to entertain

The King of Glory ; see, he comes  
With all his shining train.

4 Who is this King of Glory ? who?  
The Lord of Hosts renown'd ;

Of glory he alone is King,  
Who is with glory crown'd.

PSALM 25.

1 **W**HOE'ER with humble fear  
To God his duty pays,  
Shall find the Lord a faithful guide  
In all his righteous ways.

2 His quiet soul with peace  
Shall be for ever blest,  
And by his numer'ous race the land  
Successively possess.

3 For God to all his saints  
His secret will imparts,  
And does his gracious cov'nant write  
In their obedient hearts.

4 Let all my righteous acts  
To full perfection rise,  
Because my firm and constant hope  
On thee alone relies.

5 To Israel's chosen race  
Continue ever kind :  
And in the midst of all their wants  
Let them thy succour find.

## PSALM 27.

- 1 **C**ONTINUE, Lord, to hear my voice,  
 When'er to thee I cry ;  
 In mercy all my prayers receive,  
 Nor my request deny.
- 2 When us to seek thy glorious face  
 Thou kindly dost advise :  
 "Thy glorious face I'll always seek,"  
 My grateful heart replies.
- 3 Then hide not thou thy face, O Lord,  
 Nor me in wrath reject ;  
 My God and Saviour, leave not him  
 Thou didst so oft protect.
- 4 God's time with patient faith expect,  
 And he'll inspire thy breast  
 With inward strength ; do thou thy part,  
 And leave to him the rest.

## PSALM 28. OLD VERSION.

- 1 **T**O render thanks unto the Lord,  
 How great a cause have I ;  
 My voice, my pray'r, and my complaint,  
 That heard so willingly !
- 2 He is my shield and fortitude,  
 My buckler in distress ;  
 My heart rejoiceth greatly, and  
 My song shall him confess.
- 3 He is our strength and our defence,  
 Our foes for to resist,

The health and the salvation of  
His own elect by Christ.

4 Thy people and thy heritage,  
Lord, bless, guide, and preserve ;  
Increase them, Lord, and rule their hearts,  
That they may never swerve.

PSALM 30.

1 I'LL celebrate thy praises, Lord,  
Who didst thy pow'r employ  
To raise my drooping head, and check  
My foes' insulting joy.

2 Thus to his courts, ye saints of his,  
With songs of praise repair ;  
With me commemorate his truth,  
And providential care.

3 His wrath has but a moment's reign,  
His favour no decay ;  
Your night of grief is recompens'd  
With joy's returning day.

4 Exalted thus, I'll gladly sing  
Thy praise in grateful verse ;  
And, as thy favours endless are,  
Thy endless praise rehearse.

PSALM 30. OLD VERSION.

1 ALL laud and praise with heart and voice,  
O Lord, I give to thee,  
Who didst not make my foes rejoice,  
But hast exalted me.

- 2 O Lord my God, to thee I cry'd  
In all my pain and grief;  
Thou gav'st an ear, and didst provide  
To ease me with relief.
- 3 Thou, Lord, hast brought my soul from hell,  
And thou the same didst save  
From them that in the pit do dwell,  
And kept'st me from the grave.
- 4 Sing praise, ye saints, that prove and see  
The goodness of the Lord;  
In honour of his Majesty  
Rejoice with one accord.

PSALM 32.

- 1 **H**E's bless'd whose sins have pardon gain'd,  
No more in judgment to appear;  
Whose guilt remission has obtain'd,  
And whose repentance is sincere.
- 2 No sooner I my wound, disclos'd,  
The guilt that tortur'd me within,  
But thy forgiveness interpos'd,  
And mercy's healing balm pour'd in.
- 3 True penitents shall thus succeed,  
Who seek thee whilst thou may'st be found;  
And, from the common deluge freed,  
Shall see remorseless sinners drown'd.
- 4 His saints that have perform'd his laws  
Their life in triumphs shall employ;  
Let them, as they alone have cause,  
In grateful rapture shout for joy.

## PSALM 33.

1 **L**ET all the just to God with joy  
 Their cheerful voices raise,  
 or well the righteous it becomes  
 To sing glad songs of praise.

2 Let harps, and psalteries, and lutes  
 In joyful concert meet,  
 And new-made songs of loud applause  
 The harmony complete.

3 For faithful is the word of God,  
 His works with truth abound ;  
 He justice loves, and all the earth  
 Is with his goodness crown'd.

4 'Tis God, who those that trust in him  
 Beholds with gracious eyes ;  
 He frees their souls from death, their want  
 In time of dearth supplies.

5 The riches of thy mercy, Lord,  
 Do thou to us extend ;  
 Since we for all we want or wish  
 On thee alone depend.

## PSALM 33. OLD VERSION.

1 **Y**E righteous, in the Lord rejoice ;  
 It is a seemly sight,  
 That upright men with thankful voice  
 Should praise the Lord of might.

2 Praise ye the Lord with harp, and sing  
 To him with psaltery ;

With ten-string'd instruments sounding,  
Praise ye the Lord most high :

3 Sing to the Lord a song most new,  
With courage give him praise ;  
For why ? his word is ever true,  
His works and all his ways :

4 Both judgment, equity, and right,  
He ever lov'd and will ;  
And with his gifts he doth delight  
The earth throughout to fill.

PSALM 34.

1 **T**HE Lord from heav'n beholds the just  
With favourable eyes ;  
And, when distress'd, his gracious ear  
Is open to their cries :

2 But turns his wrathful look on those,  
Whom mercy can't reclaim,  
To cut them off, and from the earth  
Blot out their hated name.

3 Deliv'rance to his saints he gives,  
When his relief they crave ;  
He's nigh to heal the broken heart,  
And contrite spirit save.

4 For God preserves the souls of those  
Who on his truth depend,  
To them and their posterity  
His blessings shall descend.

b



## PSALM 36

- 1 **O** Lord, thy mercy, my sure hope,  
Above the heav'nly orb ascends ;  
Thy sacred truth's unmeasur'd scope  
Beyond the spreading sky extends.
- 2 Thy justice like the hills, remains ;  
Unfathom'd depths thy judgments are ;  
Thy providence the world sustains ;  
The whole creation is thy care.
- 3 Since of thy goodness all partake,  
With what assurance should the just  
Thy sheltering wings their refuge make,  
And saints to thy protection trust.
- 4 Such guests shall to thy courts be led  
To banquet on thy love's repast ;  
And drink, as from a fountain's head,  
Of joys that shall for ever last.

## PSALM 36. OLD VERSION.

- 1 **T**HY mercy is above all things,  
O God, it doth excel ;  
In trust whereof, as in thy wings,  
The sons of men shall dwell.
- 2 Within thy house they shall be fed  
With plenty at their will,  
Of all delights they shall be sped,  
And take thereof their fill :
- 3 Because the well of life most pure  
Doth ever flow from thee,

And in thy light we are full sure  
Eternal light to see.

4 From such as thee desire to know  
Let not thy grace depart ;  
Thy righteousness declare and shew  
To men of upright heart.

PSALM 37.

1 **T**H<sup>O'</sup> wicked men grow rich or great.  
Yet let not their successful state  
Thy anger or thy envy raise :  
For they, cut down like tender grass,  
Or like young flow'rs, away shall pass,  
Whose blooming beauty soon decays.

2 Depend on God, and him obey ;  
So thou within the land shalt stay,  
Secure from danger and from want :  
Make his commands thy chief delight ;  
And he, thy duty to requite,  
Shall all thy earnest wishes grant.

3 In all thy ways trust thou the Lord,  
And he will needful help afford  
To perfect every just design :  
He'll make, like light, serene and clear,  
Thy clouded innocence appear,  
And as a mid-day sun to shine.

4 To Father, Son, and Holy-Ghost,  
The God whom heav'n's triumphant host  
And suffering saints on earth adore,  
Be glory ; as in ages past,

As now it is, and so shall last,  
When time itself shall be no more.

## PART 2.

1 **T**HE good man's way is God's delight,  
He orders all the steps aright  
Of him that moves by his command ;  
Tho' he sometimes may be distress'd,  
Yet shall he ne'er be quite oppress'd,  
For God upholds him with his hand.

2 From my first youth, till age prevail'd,  
I never saw the righteous fail'd,  
Or want o'ertake his num'rous race :  
Because compassion fill'd his heart,  
And he did cheerfully impart,  
God made his offspring's wealth increase.

3 The upright shall possess the land,  
His portion shall for ages stand ;  
His mouth with wisdom is supply'd ;  
His tongue by rules of judgment moves,  
His heart the law of God approves,  
Therefore his footsteps never slide.

4 To Father, Son, and Holy-Ghost,  
The God whom heav'ns triumphant host  
And suff'ring saints on earth adore,  
Be glory ; as in ages past,  
As now it is, and so shall last,  
When time itself shall be no more.

## PSALM 39.

- 1 **L**ORD, let me know my term of days,  
How soon my life will end ;  
The num'rous train of ills disclose,  
Which this frail state attend.
- 2 My life, thou know'st, is but a span,  
A cypher sums my years ;  
And every man, in best estate,  
But vanity appears.
- 3 Man like a shadow vainly walks,  
With fruitless cares oppress'd :  
He heaps up wealth, but cannot tell  
By whom 'twill be possess'd.
- 4 Why then should I on worthless toys  
With anxious care attend ?  
On thee alone my stedfast hope  
Shall ever, Lord, depend.

## PSALM 40.

- 1 **I** Waited meekly for the Lord,  
'Till he vouchsaf'd a kind reply ;  
Who did his gracious ear afford,  
And heard from heav'n my humble cry.
- 2 He took me from the dismal pit,  
When founded deep in miry clay ;  
On solid ground he plac'd my feet,  
And suffer'd not my steps to stray.
- 3 The wonders he for me has wrought  
Shall fill my mouth with songs of praise ;

And others, to his worship brought,  
To hopes of like deliv'rance raise.

4 Who can the wond'rous works recount,  
Which thou, O God, for us hast wrought !  
The treasures of thy love surmount  
The pow'r of numbers, speech, and thought.

## PSALM 41.

1 **H**APPY the man whose tender care  
Relieves the poor distrest :  
When he's by trouble compass'd round  
The Lord shall give him rest.

2 The Lord his life, with blessings crown'd,  
In safety shall prolong ;  
And disappoint the will of those  
That seek to do him wrong.

3 If he in languishing estate,  
Oppress'd with sickness lie ;  
The Lord will easy make his bed,  
And inward strength supply.

4 Let therefore Isr'el's Lord and God  
From age to age be bless'd ;  
And all the people's glad applause  
With loud Amen's express'd.

## PSALM 42.

1 **A**S pants the hart for cooling streams,  
When heated in the chase ;  
So longs my soul, O God, for thee,  
And thy refreshing grace.

- 2 For thee, my God, the living God,  
My thirsty soul doth pine ;  
O ! when shall I behold thy face,  
Thou Majesty divine ?
- 3 Why restless, why cast down, my soul ?  
Trust God, and he'll employ  
His aid for thee, and change these sighs  
To thankful hymns of joy.
- 4 Why restless, why cast down, my soul ?  
Hope still, and thou shalt sing  
The praise of him who is thy God,  
Thy health's eternal spring.

PSALM 43.

- 1 **L**ET me with light and truth be blest,  
Be these my guides, to lead the way,  
Till on thy holy hill I rest,  
And in thy sacred temple pray.
- 2 Then will I there fresh altars raise,  
To God, who is my only joy ;  
And well-tun'd harps, with songs of praise,  
Shall all my grateful hours employ.
- 3 Why then cast down, my soul ? and why  
So much oppress with anxious care ?  
On God, thy God, for aid rely,  
Who will thy ruin'd state repair.
- 4 To Father, Son, and Holy-Ghost,  
The God whom earth and heav'n adore,  
Be glory ; as it was of old,  
Is now, and shall be evermore.

## PSALM 43. OLD VERSION.

1 **O** Lord, send out thy light and truth,  
And lead me with thy grace,  
Which may conduct me to thy hill,  
And to thy dwelling-place.

2 Then shall I to thy altar go,  
With joy to worship there ;  
And on my harp give thanks to thee,  
O God, my God most dear.

3 By him I have deliverance  
From all my pain and grief ;  
He is my God, and doth alway  
At need send me relief.

4 To Father, Son, and Holy-Ghost,  
Immortal glory be :  
As was, and is, and shall be still  
To all eternity.

## PSALM 44.

1 **A**WAKE, arise ; let seeming sleep  
No longer thee detain ;  
Nor let us, Lord, who sue to thee,  
For ever sue in vain.

2 O wherefore hidest thou thy face,  
From our afflicted state ?  
Whose souls and bodies sink to earth,  
With grief's oppressive weight.

3 Arise, O Lord, and timely haste  
To our deliv'rance make ;

Redeem us, Lord,—If not for ours,  
Yet for thy mercy's sake.

4 To Father, Son, and Holy-Ghost,  
The God whom we adore,  
Be glory ; as it was, is now,  
And shall be evermore.

## PSALM 46.

1 **G**OD is our refuge in distress,  
A present help when dangers press,  
In him undaunted we'll confide :  
Tho' earth were from her centre tost,  
And mountains in the ocean lost,  
Torn piece-meal by the roaring tide.

2 A gentler stream with gladness still  
The city of our Lord shall fill,  
The royal seat of God most high :  
God dwells in Sion, whose fair tow'rs  
Shall mock th' assaults of earthly pow'rs,  
While his Almighty aid is nigh.

3 Come see the wonders he hath wrought,  
On earth what desolation brought ;  
How he has calm'd the jarring world :  
He broke the warlike spear and bow :  
With them the thund'ring chariots too  
Into devouring flames were hurl'd.

4 Submit to God's almighty sway,  
For him the heathen shall obey,  
And earth her sov'reign Lord confess ;  
The God of hosts conducts our arms,



Our tow'r of refuge in alarms,  
As to our fathers in distress.

## PSALM 47.

- 1 **O** All ye people clap your hands,  
And with triumphant voices sing ;  
No force the mighty power withstands,  
Of God the universal King.
- 2 God is gone up, our Lord and King,  
With shouts of joy and trumpet's sound ;  
To him repeated praises sing,  
And let the cheerful song go round.
- 3 Your utmost skill in praise be shown,  
For him, who all the world commands :  
Who sits upon his righteous throne,  
And spreads his sway o'er heathen lands.
- 4 To Father, Son, and Holy-Ghost,  
The God whom earth and heav'n adore,  
Be glory ; as it was of old,  
Is now, and shall be evermore.

## PSALM 47. OLD VERSION.

- 1 **Y**E people all, with one accord  
Clap hands, shout, and rejoice,  
Be glad, and sing unto the Lord  
With sweet and pleasant voice ;
- 2 For high the Lord and dreadful is,  
His wonders manifold,  
A mighty King he is likewise  
In all the earth extoll'd.

- 3 Our God ascended up on high  
With joy and pleasant noise ;  
The Lord goes up above the sky  
With trumpet's royal voice.
- 4 Sing praises to our God; sing praise,  
Sing praises to our King ;  
For God is King of all the earth,  
All skilful praises sing.

## PSALM 50.

- 1 THE Lord hath spoke, the mighty God  
Hath sent his summons all abroad,  
From dawning light, till day declines :  
The list'ning earth his voice hath heard,  
And he from Sion hath appear'd,  
Where beauty in perfection shines.
- 2 Attend, my people ; Israel hear ;  
Thy strong accuser I'll appear ;  
Thy God, thy only God, am I :  
'Tis not of off'rings I complain,  
Which, daily in my temple slain,  
My sacred altar did supply.
- 3 Think'st thou that I have any need  
On slaughter'd bulls and goats to feed ;  
To eat their flesh and drink their blood ?  
The sacrifices I require  
Are hearts which love and zeal inspire,  
And vows with strictest care made good.

## PSALM 50. OLD VERSION

1 **T**HE mighty God,  
Th' Eternal hath thus spoke,  
And all the world  
He will call and provoke ;  
E'en from the east,  
And so forth to the west :  
Out of Sion,  
Which place he liketh best.  
God will appear,  
In beauty most excellent,  
Our God will come  
Before that long time be spent ;

2 Devouring fire  
Shall go before his face,  
A tempest great  
Shall round about him trace.  
Then shall he call  
The earth and heav'ns bright,  
To judge his folk  
With equity and right :  
Saying, Go to,  
And now my saints assemble ;  
My pact they keep,  
Their gifts do not dissemble.

3 To Father, Son,  
And Spirit ever bless'd,  
All honour, praise,  
And worship be address'd ;  
As it was done

In ages long ago,  
As now it is,  
And shall continue so  
To the last bounds  
And date of time extended,  
And still endure  
When time his course has ended.

## PSALM 51.

1 **H**AVE mercy, Lord, on me,  
As thou wert ever kind ;  
Let me, opprest with loads of guilt,  
Thy wonted mercy find.

2 Wash off my foul offence,  
And cleanse me from my sin ;  
For I confess my crime, and see  
How great my guilt has been.

3 In guilt each part was form'd  
Of all this sinful frame ;  
In guilt I was conceiv'd, and born  
The heir of sin and shame.

4 Yet thou, whose searching eye  
Doth inward truth require,  
In secret didst with wisdom's laws  
My tender soul inspire.

5 With hyssop purge me, Lord,  
And so I clean shall be ;  
I shall with snow in whiteness vie,  
When purify'd by thee.

6 Make me to hear with joy  
 Thy kind forgiving voice ;  
 That so the bones which thou hast broke  
 May with fresh strength rejoice.

7 So I thy righteous ways  
 To sinners will impart,  
 Whilst my advice shall wicked men  
 To thy just laws convert.

## PSALM 57.

1 O God, my heart is fix'd 'tis bent,  
 Its thankful tribute to present :  
 And with my heart my voice I'll raise  
 To thee, my God, in songs of praise.

2 Awake, my glory, harp and lute,  
 No longer let your strings be mute ;  
 And I, my tuneful part to take,  
 Will with the early dawn awake.

3 Thy praises, Lord, I will resound  
 To all the list'ning nations round :  
 Thy mercy highest heav'n transcends,  
 Thy truth beyond the clouds extends.

4 Be thou, O God, exalted high ;  
 And, as thy glory fills the sky,  
 So let it be on earth display'd,  
 Till thou art here, as there, obey'd.

## PSALM 63.

1 O God my gracious God, to thee  
 My morning pray'rs shall offer'd be ;

For thee my thirsty soul doth pant :  
 My fainting flesh implores thy grace,  
 Within this dry and barren place,  
 Where I refreshing waters want.

2 My life, while I that life enjoy,  
 In blessing God I will employ,  
 With lifted hands adore his name :  
 My soul's content shall be as great  
 As theirs who choicest dainties eat,  
 While I with joy his praise proclaim.

3 To Father, Son, and Holy-Ghost,  
 The God whom heav'n's triumphant host,  
 And suff'ring saints on earth adore,  
 Be glory ; as in ages past,  
 As now it is, and so shall last,  
 When time itself shall be no more.

## PSALM 65.

1 **F**OR thee, O God, our constant praise  
 In Sion waits, thy chosen seat ;  
 Our promis'd altars there we'll raise,  
 And all our zealous vows complete.

2 O thou, who to my humble pray'r  
 Didst always bend thy list'ning ear,  
 To thee shall all mankind repair,  
 And at thy gracious throne appear.

3 Our sins (though numberless) in vain  
 To stop thy flowing mercy try ;  
 Whilst thou o'erlook'st the guilty stain,  
 And washest out the crimson dye.

4 Blest is the man, who near thee plac'd,  
Within thy sacred dwelling lives !  
Whilst we at humbler distance taste  
The vast delights thy temple gives.

## PART 2.

1 **T**HOU, Lord, from out thy boundless store,  
With rain relieves the thirsty ground ;  
Makes lands, that barren were before,  
With corn and useful fruits abound.

2 On rising ridges down it pours,  
And ev'ry furrow'd valley fills ;  
Thou mak'st them soft with gentle show'rs,  
In which a blest increase distils.

3 Thy goodness does the circling year  
With fresh returns of plenty crown ;  
And, where thy glorious paths appear,  
Thy fruitful clouds drop fatness down.

4 They drop on barren forests, chang'd  
By them to pastures fresh and green ;  
The hills about in order rang'd  
In beauteous robes of joy are seen.

## PSALM 66.

1 **L**ET all the lands with shouts of joy  
To God their voices raise ;  
Sing psalms in honour of his Name,  
And spread his glorious praise.

2 And let them say, How dreadful, Lord,  
In all thy works art thou !

To thy great pow'r thy stubborn foes  
Shall all be forc'd to bow.

3 Thro' all the earth the nations round  
Shall see their God confess ;  
And with glad hymns their awful dread  
Of thy great name express.

4 O come, behold the works of God,  
And then with me you'll own  
That he to all the sons of men  
Has wondrous judgments shown.

## PART 2.

1 O Come, all ye that fear the Lord  
Attend with heedful care ;  
Whilst I, what God for me has done,  
With grateful joy declare.

2 As I before his aid implor'd,  
So now I praise his Name ;  
Who, if my heart had harbour'd sin,  
Would all my pray'rs disclaim.

3 But God to me, whene'er I cry'd,  
His gracious ear did bend ;  
And to the voice of my request  
With constant love attend.

4 Then bless'd for ever be my God,  
Who never, when I pray,  
Withholds his mercy from my soul,  
Nor turns his face away.



## PSALM 66. OLD VERSION.

- 1 **Y**E men on earth, in God rejoice,  
With praise set forth his Name ;  
Exalt his might with heart and voice,  
Give glory to the same.
- 2 How wonderful, O Lord, say ye,  
In all thy works thou art !  
Thy foes for fear shall seek to thee,  
Full sore against their heart.
- 3 All men that dwell the earth throughout  
Shall praise the Name of God ;  
The laud whereof the world about  
Is shew'd and set abroad.
- 4 All folk come forth, behold and see,  
What things the Lord hath wrought ;  
Mark well the wond'rous works that he  
For men to pass hath brought.

## PSALM 67.

- 1 **T**O bless thy chosen race,  
In mercy, Lord, incline ;  
And cause the brightness of thy face  
On all thy saints to shine :
- 2 That so thy wondrous ways  
May through the world be known,  
Whilst distant lands their tribute pay,  
And thy salvation own.
- 3 Let diff'ring nations' join  
To celebrate thy fame ;

Let all the world, O Lord, combine  
To praise thy glorious Name.

4 O let them shout and sing  
With joy and pious mirth,  
For thou, the righteous Judge and King,  
Shalt govern all the earth.

5 Let diff'ring nations join  
To celebrate thy fame ;  
Let all the world, O Lord combine  
To praise thy glorious Name.

6 Then shall the teeming ground  
A large increase disclose ;  
And we with plenty shall be crown'd,  
Which God, our God, bestows.

## PSALM 68.

1 **T**O God your voice in anthems raise,  
Jehovah's awful name he bears ;  
In him rejoice, extol his praise  
Who rides upon high rolling spheres.

2 Him, from his empire of the skies,  
To this low world compassion draws,  
The orphan's claim to patronize,  
And judge the injur'd widow's cause.

3 For benefits each day bestow'd,  
Be daily his great Name ador'd ;  
Who is our Saviour and our God,  
Of life and death the sov'reign Lord.

4 To Father, Son, and Holy-Ghost,  
All praise and glory be therefore ;  
As in beginning was, is now,  
And so shall be for evermore.

## PSALM 71

1 **I**N thee I put my stedfast trust,  
Defend me, Lord, from shame :  
Incline thine ear, and save my soul,  
For righteous is thy name.

2 Thy righteous acts and saving health  
My mouth shall still declare ;  
Unable yet to count them all,  
Though summ'd with utmost care.

3 Thou, Lord, hast taught me from my youth  
To praise thy glorious Name :  
And ever since, thy wond'rous works  
Have been my constant theme.

4 Therefore with psaltery and harp  
Thy truth, O Lord, I'll praise ;  
To thee, the God of Jacob's race,  
My voice in anthems raise.

## PSALM 72.

1 **L**ORD, let thy just decrees the King  
In all his ways direct ;  
And let his son, throughout his reign,  
Thy righteous laws respect.

2 So shall he still thy people judge  
With pure and upright mind :

Whilst all the helpless poor shall him  
Their just protector find.

3 In his blest days the just and good  
Shall be with favour crown'd ;  
The happy land shall every where  
With endless peace abound.

4 Let earth be with his glory fill'd ;  
And ever bless his name ;  
Whilst to his praise the list'ning world  
Their glad assent proclaim.

PSALM 73.

1 YET still God's presence me supply'd,  
And his right hand assistance gave :  
Thou Lord shalt with thy counsel guide,  
And then to glory me receive.

2 Whom then in heav'n, but thee alone,  
Have I whose favour I require ?  
Throughout the spacious earth there's none  
That I besides thee can desire.

3 For they that far from thee remove,  
Shall into sudden ruin fall ;  
If after other gods they rove,  
Thy vengeance shall destroy them all.

4 But as for me, 'tis good and just  
That I should still to God repair ;  
In him I always put my trust,  
And will his wondrous works declare.

## PSALM 77. OLD VERSION.

- 1 **I** Will regard and think upon  
The working of the Lord,  
And all his wonders past and gone  
I gladly will record.
- 2 Yea, all his works I will declare,  
And what he did devise ;  
To tell his facts I will not spare,  
And all his counsel wise.
- Thy works, O Lord, are all upright,  
And holy all abroad ;  
What one hath strength to match the might  
Of thee, the Lord our God ?
- 4 Thou art a God that dost forth show  
Thy wonders ev'ry hour ;  
And so dost make thy people know  
Thy virtue and thy power.

## PSALM 81.

- 1 **T**O God, our never-failing strength,  
With loud applauses sing ;  
And jointly make a cheerful noise  
To Jacob's awful King.
- 2 Compose a hymn of praise, and touch  
Your instruments of joy,  
Let psalteries and pleasant harps  
Your grateful skill employ.
- 3 Let trumpets at the great new moon  
Their joyful voices raise,

To celebrate th' appointed time,  
The solemn day of praise.

4 For this a statute was of old,  
Which Jacob's God decreed,  
To be with pious care observ'd  
By Israel's chosen seed.

PSALM 84.

1 O God of Hosts, the mighty Lord,  
How lovely is the place  
Where thou, enthron'd in glory, shew'st  
The brightness of thy face !

2 My longing soul faints with desire  
To view thy blest abode ;  
My panting heart and flesh cry out  
For thee, the living God.

3 O Lord of hosts, my King and God,  
How highly blest are they  
Who in thy temple always dwell,  
And there thy praise display !

4 Thrice happy they, whose choice has thee  
Their sure protection made ;  
Who long to tread the sacred ways  
That to thy dwelling lead !

PART 2.

1 O Lord, the mighty God of hosts,  
My just request regard ;  
Thou God of Jacob, let my pray'r  
Be still with favour heard.

- 2 For in thy courts one single day  
 'Tis better to attend,  
 Than, Lord, in any place besides  
 A thousand days to spend.
- 3 For God, who is our sun and shield,  
 Will grace and glory give ;  
 And no good thing will he withhold  
 From them that justly live.
- 4 Thou God, whom heav'nly hosts obey,  
 How highly blest is he,  
 Whose hope and trust, securely plac'd,  
 Is still repos'd on thee !

## PSALM 84. OLD VERSION.

- 1 **H**OW pleasant is thy dwelling-place,  
 O Lord of hosts, to me !  
 The tabernacles of thy grace,  
 How pleasant, Lord, they be !
- 2 O, they be blessed that may dwell  
 Within thy house always !  
 For they all times thy facts do tell,  
 And ever give thee praise :
- 3 Yea, happy sure likewise are they  
 Whose stay and strength thou art,  
 Who to thy house do mind the way  
 And seek it in their heart.
- 4 As they go through the vale of tears,  
 They dig up fountains still ;  
 That as a spring it all appears,  
 And thou their pits dost fill.

5 From strength to strength they go full fast,  
 No faintness there shall be ;  
 And so the God of gods at last  
 In Sion they do see.

PSALM 85.

1 **O** God our Saviour, all our hearts  
 To thy obedience turn ;  
 That, quench'd with our repenting tears,  
 Thy wrath no more may burn.

2 For why should'st thou be angry still,  
 And wrath so long retain ?  
 Revive us, Lord, and let thy saints  
 Thy wonted comfort gain.

3 Thy gracious favour, Lord, display,  
 Which we have long implor'd ;  
 And, for thy wondrous mercy's sake,  
 Thy wonted aid afford.

4 God's answer patiently I'll wait ;  
 For he, with glad success,  
 (If they no more to folly turn,)  
 His mourning saints will bless.

PSALM 86.

1 **T**EACH me thy way, O Lord, and I  
 From truth shall ne'er depart :  
 In rev'rence to thy sacred Name  
 Devoutly fix my heart.

2 Thee will I praise, O Lord my God,  
 Praise thee with heart sincere,



And to thy everlasting Name  
Eternal trophies rear.

3 But thou thy constant goodness didst  
To my assistance bring;  
Of patience, mercy, and of truth,  
Thou everlasting spring!

## PSALM 89.

1 **T**HY mercies, Lord, shall be my song,  
My song on them shall ever dwell:  
To ages yet unborn my tongue  
Thy never-failing truth shall tell.

2 For such stupendous truth and love  
Both heav'n and earth just praises owe,  
By choirs of angels sung above,  
And by assembled saints below.

3 What seraph of celestial birth  
To vie with Israel's God shall dare?  
Or who among the gods of earth  
With our Almighty Lord compare?

4 With rev'rence and religious dread  
His saints should to his temple press;  
His fear through all their hearts should spread,  
Who his Almighty Name confess.

## PSALM 90.

1 **T**HOU turnest man, O Lord, to dust,  
Of which he first was made;  
And when thou speak'st the word, "Return,"  
'Tis instantly obey'd.

- 2 Thou sweep'st us off as with a flood,  
We vanish hence like dreams ;  
At first we grow like grass that feels  
The suns reviving beams ;
- 3 But howsoever fresh and fair  
Its morning beauty shews ;  
'Tis all cut down and wither'd quite  
Before the ev'ning close.
- 4 So teach us, Lord, th' uncertain sum  
Of our short days to mind,  
That to true wisdom all our hearts  
May ever be inclin'd.

PSALM 91.

- 1 **H**E that has God his guardian made,  
Shall under the Almighty shade  
Secure and undisturb'd abide.  
Thus to my soul of him I'll say,  
He is my fortress and my stay,  
My God, in whom I will confide.
- 2 His tender love and watchful care  
Shall free thee from the fowler's snare,  
And from the noisome pestilence  
He over thee his wings shall spread,  
And cover thy unguarded head ;  
His truth shall be thy strong defence.

PSALM 92.

- 1 **H**OW good and pleasant must it be  
To thank the Lord most high ;

And with repeated hymns of praise  
His Name to magnify !

2 With every morning's early dawn  
His goodness to relate ;  
And of his constant truth each night  
The glad effects repeat !

3 To ten-string'd instruments we'll sing,  
With tuneful psalt'ries join'd ;  
And to the harp with solemn sounds,  
For sacred use design'd.

4 For through thy wondrous works, O Lord,  
Thou mak'st my heart rejoice ;  
The thoughts of them shall make me glad,  
And shout with cheerful voice.

#### PSALM 94.

1 **B**LESS'D is the man, whom thou, O Lord,  
In kindness dost chastise,  
And by thy sacred rules to walk  
Dost lovingly advise:

2 This man shall rest and safety find  
In seasons of distress,  
Whilst God prepares a pit for those  
That stubbornly transgress.

3 For God will never from his saints  
His favour wholly take ;  
His own possession and his lot  
He will not quite forsake.

4 The world shall then confess thee just  
In all that thou hast done ;  
And those who choose thy upright ways,  
Shall in those paths go on.

## PSALM 95.

1 **O** Come, loud anthems let us sing,  
Loud thanks to our Almighty King ;  
For we our voices high should raise  
When our salvation's rock we praise.

2 Into his presence let us haste,  
To thank him for his favours past ;  
To him address, in joyful songs,  
The praise that to his Name belongs.

3 For God, the Lord, enthron'd in state,  
Is with unrivall'd glory great ;  
A King, superior far to all  
Whom gods the heathen falsely call.

4 O let us to his courts repair,  
And bow with adoration there ;  
Down on our knees devoutly all  
Before the Lord our Maker fall.

## PSALM 96. OLD VERSION.

1 **S**ING ye with praise unto the Lord  
New songs with joy and mirth,  
Sing unto him with one accord,  
All people on the earth.

2 Yea, sing unto the Lord alway,  
Praise ye his holy Name,

Declare and shew from day to day  
Salvation by the same.

3 Among the heathen all declare  
His honour round about ;  
To shew his wonders do not spare  
In all the world throughout.

4 For why ? the Lord is great in might  
And worthy of all praise,  
And he is to be fear'd of right  
Above all gods always.

PSALM 97.

1 JEHOVAH reigns, let all the earth  
In his just government rejoice ;  
Let all the isles, with sacred mirth,  
In his applause unite their voice.

2 You, who to serve this Lord aspire,  
Abhor what's ill, and truth esteem ;  
He'll keep his servants' souls entire,  
And them from wicked hands redeem.

3 For seeds are sown of glorious light,  
A future harvest for the just ;  
And gladness for the heart that's right,  
To recompense its pious trust,

4 Rejoice, ye righteous, in the Lord ;  
Memorials of his holiness  
Deep in your faithful breasts record,  
And with your thankful tongues confess.

PSALM 98.

- 1 **S**ING to the Lord a new made song,  
Who wondrous things has done ;  
With his right hand and holy arm  
The conquest he has won.
- 2 The Lord has through th' astonish'd world,  
Display'd his saving might,  
And made his righteous acts appear  
In all the heathen's sight.
- 3 With harp and hymn's soft melody  
Into the concert bring ;  
The trumpet and shrill cornet's sound,  
Before th' Almighty King :
- 4 To welcome down the world's great Judge,  
Who does with justice come,  
And with impartial equity  
Both to reward and doom.

PSALM 99.

- 1 **J**EHOVAH reigns, let therefore all  
The guilty nations quake :  
On cherub's wings he sits enthron'd ;  
Let earth's foundation shake.
- 2 On Sion's hill he keeps his court,  
His palace makes her tow'rs ;  
Yet thence his sov'reignty extends  
Supreme o'er earthly pow'rs.
- 3 Let therefore all with praise address  
His great and dreadful name ;

And with his unresisted might  
His holiness proclaim.

4 Therefore exalt the Lord our God,  
Before his footstool fall ;  
And with his unresisted might  
His holiness extol.

## PSALM 100.

1 **W**ITH one consent let all the earth  
To God their cheerful voices raise ;  
Glad homage pay with awful mirth,  
And sing before him songs of praise.

2 Convinc'd that he is God alone,  
From whom both we and all proceed ;  
We, whom he chooses for his own,  
The flock that he vouchsafes to feed.

3 O enter then his temple gate,  
Thence to his courts devoutly press,  
And still your grateful hymns repeat,  
And still his Name with praises bless.

4 For he's the Lord, supremely good,  
His mercy is for ever sure :  
His truth, which always firmly stood,  
To endless ages shall endure.

## PSALM 100. OLD VERSION.

1 **A**LL people that on earth do dwell,  
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice :  
Him serve with fear, his praise forth tell,  
Come ye before him and rejoice.

- 2 The Lord ye know is God indeed,  
Without our aid he did us make ;  
We are his flock, he doth us feed,  
And for his sheep he doth us take.
- 3 O enter then his gates with praise,  
Approach with joy his courts unto ;  
Praise, laud, and bless his Name always,  
For it is seemly so to do.
- 4 For why ? the Lord our God is good,  
His mercy is for ever sure ;  
His truth at all times firmly stood,  
And shall from age to age endure.

## PSALM 103.

- 1 **M**Y soul, inspir'd with sacred love,  
God's holy Name for ever bless ;  
Of all his favours mindful prove,  
And still thy grateful thanks express.
- 2 The Lord abounds with tender love,  
And unexampled acts of grace ;  
His waken'd wrath does slowly move  
His willing mercy flows apace.
- 3 As high as heav'n its arch extends,  
Above this little spot of clay,  
So much his boundless love transcends  
The small respects that we can pay.
- 4 As far as 'tis from east to west,  
So far has he our sins remov'd,

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Who with a father's tender breast  
Has such as fear him always lov'd.

## PART 2.

1 **T**HE Lord, the universal King,  
In heav'n has fix'd his lofty throne ;  
To him, ye angels, praises sing,  
In whose great strength his pow'r is shown.

2 Ye that his just commands obey,  
And hear and do his sacred will,  
Ye hosts of his, this tribute pay,  
Who still what he ordains fulfil.

3 Let ev'ry creature jointly bless  
The mighty Lord : and thou my heart  
With grateful joy thy thanks express,  
And in this concert bear thy part.

4 To Father, Son, and Holy-Ghost,  
The God whom earth and heav'n adore,  
Be glory ; as it was of old,  
Is now, and shall be evermore.

## PSALM 104.

1 **B**LESS God, my soul ; thou, Lord, alone  
Possessest empire without bounds ;  
With honour thou art crown'd, thy throne  
Eternal majesty surrounds.

2 With light thou dost thyself enrobe,  
And glory for a garment take ;  
Heav'n's curtains stretch beyond the globe,  
Thy canopy of state to make.

3 God builds on liquid air, and forms  
 His palace chambers in the skies ;  
 The clouds his chariots are, and storms  
 The swift-wing'd steeds with which he flies.

4 As bright as flame, and swift as wind,  
 His ministers heaven's palace fill,  
 To have their sundry tasks assign'd ;  
 All proud to serve their sov'reign's will.

5 In praising God, while he prolongs  
 My breath, I will that breath employ ;  
 And join devotion to my songs,  
 Sincere as is in him my joy.

PSALM 104. OLD VERSION.

1 MY soul, praise the Lord,  
 Speak good of his name ;

O Lord our great God,  
 How dost thou appear !

So passing in glory,  
 That great is thy fame,

Honour and majesty  
 In thee shine most clear.

2 With light as a robe  
 Thou hast thyself clad,

Whereby all the earth  
 Thy greatness may see :

The heav'ns in such sort  
 Thou also hast spread,

That they to a curtain  
 Compared may be.

3 His chamber-beams lie  
 In the clouds full sure,  
 Which as his chariots  
 Are made him to bear :  
 And there with much swiftness  
 His course doth endure,  
 Upon the wings riding  
 Of winds in the air.

4 He maketh his spirits  
 As heralds to go,  
 And lightnings to serve  
 We see also prest ;  
 His will to accomplish  
 They run to and fro,  
 To save or consume things  
 As seemeth him best.

PSALM 105.

1 **O** Render thanks, and bless the Lord ,  
 Invoke his sacred Name ;  
 Acquaint the nations with his deeds,  
 His matchless deeds proclaim.

2 Sing to his praise, in lofty hymns  
 His wondrous works rehearse ;  
 Make them the theme of your discourse  
 And subject of your verse.

3 Rejoice in his Almighty Name,  
 Alone to be ador'd ;  
 And let their heart o'erflow with joy  
 That humbly seek the Lord.

4 Seek ye the Lord, his saving strength;  
 Devoutly still implore;  
 And, where he's ever present, seek  
 His face for evermore.

## PSALM 106.

1 **O** Render thanks to God above,  
 The fountain of eternal love;  
 Whose mercy firm through ages past  
 Has stood, and shall for ever last.

2 Who can his mighty deeds express,  
 Not only vast but numberless?  
 What mortal eloquence can raise  
 His tribute of immortal praise?

3 Happy are they, and only they,  
 Who from thy judgments never stray:  
 Who know what's right, not only so,  
 But always practise what they know.

4 Extend to me that favour, Lord,  
 Thou to thy chosen dost afford:  
 When thou return'st to set them free,  
 Let thy salvation visit me.

5 Let Israel's God be ever bless'd,  
 His name eternally confess'd.  
 Let all his saints, with full accord,  
 Sing loud Amens—Praise ye the Lord.

## PSALM 106. OLD VERSION.

1 **P**RAISE ye the Lord, for he is good;  
 His mercy lasts alway;

Who can express his noble acts,  
Or all his praise display ?

2 They blessed are that judgment keep,  
And justly do alway :  
With favour of thy people, Lord,  
Remember me, I pray ;

3 And with thy saving health, O Lord,  
Vouchsafe to visit me,  
That I the great felicity  
Of thine elect may see ;

4 And with thy people's joy I may  
A joyful mind possess,  
And may with thine inheritance  
A cheerful heart express.

PSALM 108.

1 O GOD, my heart is fully bent  
To magnify thy Name ;  
My tongue with cheerful songs of praise  
Shall celebrate thy fame.

2 Awake, my lute ; nor thou my harp,  
Thy warbling notes delay ;  
Whilst I with early hymns of joy  
Prevent the dawning day.

3 To all the list'ning tribes, O Lord,  
Thy wonders I will tell ;  
And to those nations sing thy praise  
That round about us dwell.

4 Because thy mercy's boundless height  
The highest heav'n transcends,  
And far beyond th' aspiring clouds  
Thy faithful truth extends.

PSALM 111.

1 PRAISE ye the Lord ; our God to praise  
My soul her utmost pow'r shall raise,  
With private friends, and in the throng  
Of saints, his praise shall be my song.

2 His works for greatness though renown'd,  
His wondrous works with ease are found  
By those who seek for them aright,  
And in the pious search delight.

3 His works are all of matchless fame,  
And universal glory claim ;  
His truth, confirm'd through ages past,  
Shall to eternal ages last.

4 By precept he has us enjoin'd  
To keep his wondrous works in mind :  
And to posterity record,  
That good and gracious is our Lord.

● PSALM 112.

1 THAT man is bless'd, who stands in awe  
Of God, and loves his sacred law :  
His seed on earth shall be renown'd,  
And with successive honours crown'd.

2 His house, the seat of wealth, shall be  
An inexhausted treasury ;

His justice free from all decay,  
Shall blessings to his heirs convey.

3 His hands, while they his alms bestow'd,  
His glory's future harvest sow'd;

Whence he shall reap wealth, fame, renown,  
A temp'ral and eternal crown.

4 The wicked shall his triumph see,  
And gnash their teeth in agony:

While their unrighteous hopes decay,  
And vanish with themselves away.

PSALM 113.

1 **YE** saints and servants of the Lord,  
The triumphs of his Name record;  
His sacred Name for ever bless.

Where'er the circling sun displays  
His rising beams or setting rays,  
Due praise to his great Name address.

2 God through the world extends his sway,  
The regions of eternal day  
But shadows of his glory are.

With him, whose Majesty excels,  
Who made the heav'n in which he dwells,  
Let no created pow'r compare.

3 Though 'tis beneath his state to view  
In highest heav'n what angels do,  
Yet he to earth vouchsafes his care:

He takes the needy from his cell,  
Advancing him in courts to dwell,  
Companion to the greatest there.

4 To God Almighty, Father, Son,  
 And Comforter, the Holy-Ghost,  
 Be honour, worship, homage done,  
 By saints and angels sacred host ;  
 As 'twas in ages heretofore,  
 Is now, and shall be evermore.

## PSALM 115.

1 **L**ET all, who truly fear the Lord,  
 On him they fear rely :  
 Who them in danger can defend,  
 And all their wants supply.

2 On you, and on your heirs, he will  
 Increase of blessings bring ;  
 Thrice happy you, who fav'rites are  
 Of this Almighty King !

3 Heav'n's highest orb of glory he  
 His empire's seat design'd ;  
 And gave this lower globe of earth  
 A portion to mankind.

4 They who in death and silence sleep  
 To him no praise afford :  
 But we will bless for evermore  
 Our ever-living Lord.

## PSALM 117.

1 **W**ITH cheerful notes let all the earth  
 To heav'n their voices raise :  
 Let all, inspir'd with godly mirth,  
 Sing solemn hymns of praise.



- 2 God's tender mercy knows no bound,  
His truth shall ne'er decay :  
Then let the willing nations round  
Their grateful tribute pay.
- 3 To Father, Son, and Holy-Ghost,  
Immortal glory be ;  
As 'twas, and is, and shall be still,  
To all eternity.

## PSALM .118.

- 1 **O** Praise the Lord, for he is good,  
His mercies ne'er decay ;  
That his kind favours ever last,  
Let thankful Israel say.
- 2 Then open wide the temple gates  
To which the just repair,  
That I may enter in, and praise  
My great deliv'rer there.
- 3 Within those gates of God's abode,  
To which the righteous press ;  
Since thou hast heard, and set me safe,  
Thy holy Name I'll bless.
- 4 That which the builders once refus'd  
Is now the corner stone :  
This is the wondrous work of God,  
The work of God alone.
- 5 This day is God's ; let all the land  
Exalt their cheerful voice :  
Lord, we beseech thee, save us now,  
And make us still rejoice.

## PSALM 119.

1 **H**OW blest are they who always keep  
The pure and perfect way ;  
Who never from the sacred paths  
Of God's commandments stray !

2 How bless'd, who to his righteous laws  
Have still obedient been ;  
And have with fervent humble zeal  
His favour sought to win !

3 Such men their utmost caution use  
To shun each wicked deed ;  
But in the path which he directs  
With constant care proceed.

4 Thou strictly hast enjoin'd us, Lord,  
To learn thy sacred will ;  
And all our diligence employ  
Thy statutes to fulfill.

5 O then that thy most holy will  
Might o'er my ways preside !  
And I the course of all my life  
By thy direction guide !

## PART 2.

1 **I**NSTRUCT me in thy statutes, Lord,  
Thy righteous paths display ;  
And I from them, through all my life,  
Will never go astray.

2 If thou true wisdom from above  
Wilt graciously impart.

To keep thy perfect laws I will  
Devote my zealous heart.

3 Do thou to thy most just commands  
Incline my willing heart,  
Let no desire of worldly wealth  
From thee my thoughts divert.

4 From those vain objects turn my eyes,  
Which this false world displays;  
But give me lively pow'r and strength  
To keep thy righteous ways.

PART 3.

1 **W**ITH me, thy servant, thou has dealt  
Most graciously, O Lord;  
Repeated benefits bestow'd.  
According to thy word.

2 To me, who am the workmanship  
Of thy Almighty hands,  
The heav'nly understanding give  
To learn thy just commands.

3 In thy blest statutes let my heart  
Continue always sound;  
That guilt and shame, the sinner's lot,  
May never me confound.

4 So I to keep thy righteous laws  
Will all my study bend;  
From age to age my time to come  
In their observance spend.

## PART 4.

1 **WITH** favour, Lord, look down on me,  
 Who thy relief implore ;  
 As thou art wont to visit those  
 Who thy bless'd name adore.

2 Directed by thy heav'nly word  
 Let all my footsteps be ;  
 Nor wickedness of any kind  
 Dominion have o'er me.

3 On me, devoted to thy fear,  
 Lord, make thy face to shine :  
 Thy statutes both to know and keep  
 My heart with zeal incline.

4 To Father, Son, and Holy-Ghost,  
 The God whom we adore,  
 Be glory ; as it was, is now,  
 And shall be evermore.

## PART 5.

1 **TO** my request and earnest cry  
 Attend, O gracious Lord ;  
 Inspire my heart with heav'nly skill,  
 According to thy word.

2 Let my repeated pray'r at last  
 Before thy throne appear ;  
 According to thy plighted word  
 For my relief draw near.

3 Then shall my grateful lips return  
 The tribute of thy praise,

When thou thy counsels hast reveal'd,  
And taught me thy just ways.

4 My tongue the praises of thy word  
Shall thankfully resound,  
Because thy promises are all  
With truth and justice crown'd.

PSALM 121.

1 **T**O Sion's hill I lift my eyes,  
From thence expecting aid ;  
From Sion's hill, and Sion's God,  
Who heav'n and earth has made.

2 Then thou, my soul. in safety rest,  
Thy guardian will not sleep ;  
His watchful care, that Israel guards,  
Will Israel's monarch keep.

3 Shelter'd beneath th' Almighty's wings  
Thou shalt securely rest,  
Where neither sun nor moon shall thee  
By day or night molest.

4 From common accidents of life  
His care shall guard thee still ;  
From the blind strokes of chance, and foes  
That lie in wait to kill.

5 At home, abroad, in peace, in war,  
Thy God shall thee defend ;  
Conduct thee through life's pilgrimage  
Safe to thy journey's end.

## PSALM 121. OLD VERSION.

- 1 **I** LIFT mine eyes to Sion hill,  
From whence I do attend.  
Till succour God me send :
- 2 The mighty God me succour will,  
Which heav'n and earth did frame,  
And all things therein name.
- 3 Thy foot from slip he will preserve,  
And will thee safely keep ;  
For he doth never sleep :
- 4 Lo, he that Israel doth conserve,  
Sleep never can surprise,  
Nor slumber close his eyes.
- 5 The Lord thy keeper is alway,  
On thy right hand is he  
A shade to cover thee :
- 6 The sun shall not thee parch by day,  
Nor moon, scarce half so bright,  
With cold thee hurt by night.
- 7 The Lord will keep thee from distress,  
And will thy life sure save :  
Yea, thou shalt also have
- 8 In all thy business good success ;  
When thou go'st in or out  
He'll compass thee about.

## PSALM 125.

- 1 **W**HO place on Sion's God their trust,  
Like Sion's rock shall stand ;

Like her immovably be fix'd  
By his Almighty hand.

2 Look how the hills on every side  
Jerusalem inclose ;  
So stands the Lord around his saints,  
To guard them from their foes.

3 The wicked may afflict the just,  
But ne'er too long oppress,  
Nor force him by despair to seek  
Base means for his redress,

4 Be good, O righteous God, to those  
Who righteous deeds affect ;  
The heart that innocence retains  
Let innocence protect.

PSALM 130.

1 **F**ROM lowest depths of woe  
To God I sent my cry ;  
Lord, hear my supplicating voice,  
And graciously reply.

2 Should'st thou severely judge,  
Who can the trial bear ?  
But thou forgiv'st, lest we despond,  
And quite renounce thy fear.

3 My soul with patience waits  
For thee, the living Lord ;  
My hopes are on thy promise built,  
Thy never-failing word.

- 4 My longing eyes look out  
For thy enliv'ning ray,  
More duly than the morning watch  
To spy the dawning day.
- 5 Let Israel trust in God,  
No bounds his mercy knows;  
The plenteous source and spring from whence  
Eternal succour flows.
- 6 Whose friendly streams to us  
Supplies in want convey;  
A healing spring, a spring to cleanse,  
And wash our guilt away.

## PSALM 133.

- 1 **H**OW vast must their advantage be!  
How great their pleasure prove!  
Who love like brethren, and content  
In offices of love!
- 2 True love is like that precious oil,  
Which, pour'd on Aaron's head,  
Ran down his beard, and o'er his robes  
Its costly moisture shed.
- 3 'Tis like refreshing dew, which does  
On Hermon's top distil;  
Or like the early drops that fall  
On Sion's fruitful hill.
- 4 For Sion is the chosen seat,  
Where the Almighty King  
The promis'd blessing has ordain'd,  
And life's eternal spring.



## PSALM 133. OLD VERSION.

- 1 **O** What a happy thing it is,  
And joyful for to see  
Brethren to dwell together in  
Friendship and unity !
- 2 'Tis like the precious ointment that  
Was pour'd on Aaron's head,  
Which from his beard down to the skirts  
Of his rich garments spread.
- 3 And as the lower ground doth drink  
The dew of Hermon hill,  
And Sion with his silver drops  
The fields with fruit doth fill ;
- 4 E'en so the Lord doth pour on them  
His blessings manifold,  
Whose hearts and minds sincerely do  
This knot fast keep and hold.

## PSALM 134.

- 1 **B**LESS God, ye servants that attend  
Upon his solemn state,  
That in his temple, night by night,  
With humble rev'rence wait :
- 2 Within his house lift up your hands,  
And bless his holy name ;  
From Sion bless thy Israel, Lord,  
Who heav'n and earth didst frame.
- 3 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
Immortal glory be ;

As 'twas, and is, and shall be still,  
To all eternity.

PSALM 135.

- 1 **O** Praise the Lord with one consent,  
And magnify his name ;  
Let all the servants of the Lord  
His worthy praise proclaim.
- 2 Praise him all ye that in his house  
Attend with constant care :  
With those that to his utmost courts  
With humble zeal repair.
- 3 For this our truest int'rest is,  
Glad hymns of praise to sing ;  
And with loud songs to bless his name,  
A most delightful thing.
- 4 That God is great we often have  
By glad experience found ;  
And seen how he with wondrous pow'r  
Above all gods is crown'd.
- 5 Let all with thanks his wondrous works  
In Sion's courts proclaim ;  
Let them in Salem, where he dwells  
Exalt his holy name.

PSALM 136.

- 1 **T**O God, the mighty Lord,  
Your joyful thanks repeat,  
To him due praise afford,  
As good as he is great.

For God does prove  
Our constant friend ;  
His boundless love shall never end.

2 To him whose wondrous pow'r  
All other gods obey,  
Whom earthly kings adore,  
This grateful homage pay.  
For God, &c.

3 Thro' heav'n he did display  
His num'rous hosts of light ;  
The sun to rule by day,  
The moon and stars by night.  
For God, &c.

4 He does the food supply  
On which all creatures live :  
To God who reigns on high  
Eternal praises give.  
For God, &c.

5 To God the Father, Son,  
And Spirit ever blest,  
Eternal three in one,  
All worship be address ;  
As heretofore  
It was, is now,  
And shall be so,  
For evermore.

## PSALM 138.

1 **W**ITH my whole heart, my God and King,  
Thy praise I will proclaim ;

Before the gods with joy I'll sing,  
And bless thy holy name.

2 I'll worship at thy sacred seat ;  
And, with thy love inspir'd,  
The praises of thy truth repeat,  
O'er all thy works admir'd.

3 We all thy wondrous ways, O Lord,  
With cheerful songs shall bless ;  
And all thy glorious acts record,  
Thy awful pow'r confess.

4 The Lord, whose mercies ever last,  
Shall fix my happy state ;  
And, mindful of his favours past,  
Shall his own work complete.

PSALM 138. OLD VERSION.

1 **T**HEE will I praise with my whole heart,  
My Lord, my God, always ;  
E'en in the presence of the gods  
I will advance thy praise.

2 Towards thy holy temple I  
Will look and worship thee ;  
And praised in my thankful mouth  
Thy holy Name shall be ;

3 E'en for thy loving-kindness' sake,  
And for thy truth withal :  
For thou thy Name hast by thy word  
Advanced over all.

4 When I did call, thou heardest me,  
And thou hast made also  
The power of increased strength  
Within my soul to grow.

## PSALM 139.

1 **T**HOU, Lord, by strictest search hast known  
My rising up and lying down ;  
My secret thoughts are known to thee,  
Known long before conceiv'd by me.

2 Thine eye my bed and path surveys,  
My public haunts and private ways ;  
Thou know'st what 'tis my lips would vent,  
My yet unutter'd words' intent.

3 Surrounded by thy pow'r I stand,  
On ev'ry side I find thy hand :  
O skill, for human reach too high !  
Too dazzling bright for mortal eye !

4 O could I so perfidious be,  
To think of once deserting thee,  
Where, Lord, could I thy influence shun ?  
Or whither from thy presence run ?

5 Thou living God in Persons three,  
Thy name be praised in unity ;  
In all our need so us defend,  
That we may praise thee without end.

## PART 2.

1 **O** Could I so perfidious be,  
To think of once deserting thee,

Where, Lord, could I thy influence shun ?  
Or whither from thy presence run ?

2 If up to heav'n I take my flight,  
'Tis there thou dwell'st enthron'd in light ;  
Or dive to hell's infernal plains,  
'Tis there almighty vengeance reigns.

3 If I the morning's wings could gain  
And fly beyond the western main,  
Thy swifter hand would first arrive,  
And there arrest thy fugitive.

4 Or should I try to shun thy sight  
Beneath the sable wings of night ;  
One glance from thee, one piercing ray,  
Would kindle darkness into day.

5 The veil of night is no disguise,  
No screen from thy all-searching eyes ;  
Thro' midnight shades thou find'st thy way,  
As in the blazing noon of day.

### PART 3.

1 I'LL praise thee, from whose hands I came  
A work of such a curious frame ;  
The wonders thou in me hast shown,  
My soul with grateful joy must own.

2 Let me acknowledge too, O God,  
That since this maze of life I trod,  
Thy thoughts of love to me surmount  
The pow'r of numbers to recount.

3 Far sooner could I reckon o'er  
The sands upon the ocean's shore;  
Each morn, revising what I've done.  
I find the account but new begun.

4 Search, try, O God, my thoughts and heart,  
If mischief lurks in any part;  
Correct me where I go astray,  
And guide me in thy perfect way.

## PSALM 141.

1 **T**O thee, O Lord, my cries ascend,  
O haste to my relief;  
And with accustom'd pity hear  
The accents of my grief.

2 Instead of off'rings, let my pray'r  
Like morning incense rise;  
My lifted hands supply the place  
Of ev'ning sacrifice.

3 From hasty language curb my tongue,  
And let a constant guard  
Still keep the portal of my lips,  
With wary silence barr'd.

4 To Father, Son, and Holy-Ghost,  
All glory be therefore;  
As in beginning was, is now,  
And shall be evermore.

## PSALM 143.

1 **L**ORD, hear my pray'r, and to my cry,  
Thy wonted audience lend;

In thy accustom'd faith and truth  
A gracious answer send.

2 Nor at thy strict tribunal bring  
Thy servant to be try'd ;  
For in thy sight no living man  
Can e'er be justify'd.

3 To thee my hands in humble pray'r  
I fervently stretch out ;  
My soul for thy refreshment thirsts,  
Like land oppress'd with drought.

4 Thy kindness early let me hear,  
Whose trust on thee depends :  
Teach me the way where I should go ;  
My soul to thee ascends.

## PSALM 145.

1 THEE I'll extol, my God and King,  
Thy endless praise proclaim ;  
This tribute daily I will bring,  
And ever bless thy name.

2 Thou, Lord, beyond compare art great,  
And highly to be prais'd ;  
Thy majesty, with boundless height,  
Above our knowledge rais'd.

3 Renown'd for mighty acts, thy fame  
To future times extends ;  
From age to age thy glorious name  
Successively descends.



- 4 Whilst I thy glory and renown,  
And wondrous works express ;  
'The world with me thy might shall own,  
And thy great pow'r confess.
- 5 The praise, that to thy love belongs,  
They shall with joy proclaim ;  
Thy truth of all their grateful songs  
Shall be the constant theme.

## PART 2.

- 1 **H**OW holy is the Lord, how just,  
How righteous all his ways !  
How nigh to him, who with firm trust  
For his assistance prays !
- 2 He grants the full desires of those  
Who him with fear adore ;  
And will their troubles soon compose,  
When they his aid implore.
- 3 The Lord preserves all those with care  
Whom grateful love employs ;  
But sinners, who his vengeance dare,  
With furious rage destroys.
- 4 My time to come, in praises spent,  
Shall still advance his fame,  
And all mankind, with one consent,  
For ever bless his name.

## PSALM 146.

- 1 **O** Praise the Lord, and thou, my soul,  
For ever bless his name ;

His wondrous love, while life shall last,  
My constant praise shall claim.

2 The Lord, who made both heav'n and earth,  
And all that they contain,  
Will never quit his stedfast truth,  
Nor make his promise vain.

3 The strangers he preserves from harm,  
The orphan kindly treats,  
Defends the widow, and the wiles  
Of wicked men defeats.

4 The God that does in Sion dwell  
Is our eternal King:  
From age to age his reign endures;  
Let all his praises sing.

PSALM 147.

1 O Praise the Lord with hymns of joy,  
And celebrate his fame:  
For pleasant, good, and comely 'tis  
To praise his holy Name.

2 He kindly heals the broken hearts,  
And all their wounds dost close;  
He tells the number of the stars,  
Their several names he knows.

3 Great is the Lord, and great his pow'r,  
His wisdom has no bound;  
The meek he raises, but throws down  
The wicked to the ground.

- 4 To God, the Lord, a hymn of praise  
With grateful voices sing ;  
To songs of triumph tune the harp,  
And strike each warbling string.

## PSALM 148.

1 **Y**E boundless realms of joy,  
Exalt your Maker's fame,  
His praise your song employ  
Above the starry frame ;  
Your voices raise,  
Ye cherubim  
And seraphim,  
To sing his praise.

2 Let them adore the Lord,  
And praise his holy name,  
By whose almighty word  
They all from nothing came ;  
And all shall last  
From changes free ;  
His firm decree  
Stands ever fast.

3 United zeal be shown  
His wondrous fame to raise,  
Whose glorious name alone  
Deserves our endless praise.  
Earth's utmost ends  
His pow'r obey ;  
His glorious sway  
The sky transcends.

4 His chosen saints to grace,  
 He sets them up on high,  
 And favours Israel's race,  
 Who still to him are nigh.  
 O therefore raise  
 Your grateful voice,  
 And still rejoice  
 The Lord to praise.

PSALM 149.

1 O Praise ye the Lord,  
 Prepare your glad voice,  
 His praise in the great  
 Assembly to sing :  
 In our great Creator  
 Let Israel rejoice ;  
 And children of Sion  
 Be glad in their King.

2 Let them his great name  
 Extol in the dance ;  
 With timbrel and harp  
 His praises express :  
 Who always takes pleasure  
 His saints to advance,  
 And with his salvation  
 The humble to bless.

3 With glory adorn'd,  
 His people shall sing  
 To God, who their beds  
 With safety does shield ;

Their mouths fill'd with praises  
Of him their great King;  
Whilst a two-edged sword  
Their right hand shall wield;

4 To Father, Son, Spirit,  
All praise be address'd,  
By angels and saints  
Of every degree:  
To God in three persons,  
One God ever bless'd,  
As it has been, now is,  
And ever shall be.

PSALM 149. OLD VERSION.

1 **S**ING ye unto the Lord our God.  
A new rejoicing song,  
And let the praise of him be heard  
His holy saints among.

2 Let Israel rejoice in God,  
And praises to him sing;  
And let the seed of Sion be  
Most joyful in their King:

3 Let them sound praise with voice of lute  
Unto his holy Name,  
And with the timbrel and the harp  
Sing praises to the same.

4 For why? the Lord his pleasure all  
Hath in his people set,  
And by deliv'rance he will raise  
The meek to glory great.

## PSALM 150.

- 1 **O** Praise the Lord in that blest place,  
From whence his goodness largely flows;  
Praise him in heav'n, where he his face  
Unveil'd in perfect glory shows.
- 2 Praise him for all the mighty acts  
Which he in our behalf hath done ;  
His kindness this return exacts,  
With which our praise should equal run.
- 3 Let the shrill trumpet's warlike voice  
Make rocks and hills his praise rebound ;  
Praise him with harp's melodious noise  
And gentle psalt'ry's silver sound.
- 4 Let them, who joyful hymns compose,  
To cymbals set their songs of praise ;  
Cymbals of common use, and those  
That loudly sound on solemn days.
- 5 Let all that vital breath enjoy,  
The breath he does to them afford,  
In just returns of praise employ :  
Let ev'ry creature praise the Lord.

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END OF THE PSALMS.

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**A SELECTION OF**  
  
**HYMNS, ANTHEMS,**  
  
**AND**  
  
**SANCTUSES.**



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**A SELECTION OF**  
  
**HYMNS, ANTHEMS,**  
  
**AND**  
  
**SANCTUSES.**









# H Y M N S.

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## HYMN 1.

1 **A** WAKE, my soul, and with the sun  
Thy daily stage of duty run;  
Shake off dull sloth and early rise,  
To pay thy morning sacrifice.

2 Wake and lift up thyself my heart,  
And with the angels bear thy part,  
Who all night long unweari'd sing,  
High glory to th' eternal King.

3 Glory to thee who safe hast kept,  
And hast refresh'd me whilst I slept,  
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake,  
I may of endless life partake.

4 Lord, I my vows to thee renew,  
Scatter my sins as morning dew,  
Guard my first spring of thought and will,  
And with thyself my spirit fill.

5 Direct, controul, suggest this day,  
All I design, or do, or say:  
That all my pow'rs with all their might,  
In thy sole glory may unite.

6 Praise God from whom all blessings flow,  
Praise him all creatures here below;  
Praise him above, ye angelic host,  
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

## HYMN 2.

1 **A**WAKE my soul, awake my eyes,  
Awake my drowsy faculties;  
Awake and see the new born light,  
Sprung from the darksome womb of night.

2 Look up, and see th' unweary'd sun,  
Already has his race begun;  
The cheerful lark is mounted high,  
And sings his mattins in the sky.

3 Arise my soul and let thy voice  
In songs of higher praise rejoice;  
O great Creator, heav'nly King,  
Thy glories let me ever sing.

3 Thy pow'r has made, thy goodness kept,  
This senseless body when I slept;  
Another day of life is giv'n,  
To tell thy mercies, Lord of heav'n.

5 O keep my soul from sin secure,  
My life unblameable and pure;

That when the last of days shall come,  
I cheerfully may meet my doom.

## HYMN 3.

1 **O** Come let us with one accord  
Lift up our voice and praise the Lord;  
Let us this morning bless his name,  
And laud and magnify the same.

2 Let universal nature raise,  
A cheerful voice to give him praise;  
Let all the world his glory sing,  
Who is their Saviour, Lord and King.

3 For by his word the heav'ns were made,  
The earth's foundation also laid;  
All things were done at his command,  
Which thro' all ages firmly stand.

4 Wherefore, let heav'n and earth agree,  
To sing his praise in unity;  
And let us here with one accord  
Sing hallelujah, Praise the Lord.

## HYMN 4.

1 **A**ND are we now brought near to God,  
Who once at distance stood?  
And to effect this glorious change,  
Did Jesus shed his blood?

2 Oh for a song of ardent praise,  
To bear our souls above!

What should allay our lively hope,  
Or damp our flaming love?

3 Draw us, O Lord, with quick'ning grace,  
And bring us yet more near;  
Here we may see thy glories shine,  
And taste thy mercies here.

4 Oh may that love which spread thy board,  
Dispose us for the feast;  
May every humble, contrite soul,  
Be found a welcome guest.

5 Fir'd with the view, our souls shall rise,  
In such a scene as this;  
And view the happy moment near,  
That shall complete our bliss.

## HYMN 5.

*Air.*     **L**AMB of God, that in the bosom  
              Of the Father dwellest high;  
Deign to visit humble sinners,  
From thy rest above the sky

*Chorus.* God incarnate, leave thy glory,  
Nor abhor the virgin's womb;  
Spread salvation like a river,  
Jesus, let thy kingdom come.

*Air.*     Love divine, all love excelling,  
              Joy of heaven, to earth come down;  
Fix in us thy humble dwelling,  
All thy faithful mercies crown.

*Chorus.* Jesus, thou art all compassion,  
Pure unbounded love thou art;  
Visit us with thy salvation,  
Enter every trembling heart.

*Air.* Shepherds, did you hear him coming,  
Whilst you kept your flocks by night;  
Did you see his star in heaven,  
Blaze with new created light?

*Chorus.* Haste, ye *Magi*, come and worship,  
See the orient star before;  
Bring your presents, gold and spices,  
Blest *Arabia's* balmy store.

*Air.* All ye joyous host of heav'n,  
Loudly speak the Saviour's praise;  
Saints and angels in full chorus,  
Your seraphic voices raise.

*Chorus.* Come, O come, your hallelujahs,  
In wide echoing songs proclaim;  
Heav'n and earth with joy resounding,  
Praise the blest Redeemer's name.

## HYMN 6.

1 COME, thou Fount of every blessing,  
Tune my heart to sing thy grace!  
Streams of mercy never ceasing,  
Call for songs of loudest praise:  
Teach me some melodious sonnet,  
Sung by flaming tongues above;



Sacred mount—I'm fixt upon it,  
Mount of God's redeeming love!

2 Here I raise my Ebenezer,  
Hither by thy help I'm come;  
And I hope by thy good pleasure  
Safely to arrive at home.

Jesus sought me when a stranger,  
Wand'ring from the fold of God;  
He, to rescue me from danger,  
Interpos'd his precious blood!

3 O! to grace how great a debtor  
Daily I'm constrained to be!  
Let thy goodness, like a fetter,  
Bind my wand'ring heart to thee!  
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it;  
Prone to leave Thee whom I love—  
Here's my heart, O take and seal it;  
Seal it for thy courts above.

### HYMN 7.

1 **C**HRISTIANS awake, salute the happy  
morn,

Whereon the Saviour of the world was born:  
Rise to adore the mystery of love,  
Which hosts of angels chanted from above:  
With them the joyful tidings first begun,  
Of God incarnate, and the virgin's son.

2 Then to the watchful shepherds it was told,  
Who heard the angelic herald's voice, behold!

I bring good tidings of a Saviour's birth,  
To you, and all the nations upon earth:  
This day hath God fulfilled his promis'd word;  
This day is born a Saviour, Christ the Lord.

3 In David's city, shepherds, ye shall find,  
The long foretold Redeemer of mankind:  
Wrapt up in swaddling clothes, the babe divine  
Lies in a manger; this shall be your sign.  
He spake, and straightway the celestial choir,  
In hymns of joy, unknown before conspire.

4 The praises of redeeming love they sung,  
And heav'n's whole orb with hallelujahs rung;  
God's highest glory was their anthem still;  
Peace upon earth and mutual good will.  
To Bethlehem straight th' enlightened shep-  
herds ran,  
To see the wonder God had wrought for man.

5 And found with Joseph, and the blessed maid,  
Her son, the Saviour, in a manger laid:  
Amaz'd, the wond'rous story they proclaim,  
The first apostles of his infant fame.  
While Mary keeps and ponders in her heart,  
The heav'nly vision which the swains impart.

6 They to their flocks, still praising God, return,  
And their glad hearts within their bosoms burn.  
Let us, like these good shepherds then employ  
Our grateful voices to proclaim the joy;  
Like Mary, let us ponder in our mind,  
God's wond'rous love in saving lost mankind.

7 Artless, and watchful as these favour'd swains,  
 While virgin meekness in the heart remains:  
 Trace we the babe, who has retriev'd our loss,  
 From his poor manger to his bitter cross.  
 Treading his steps, assisted by his grace,  
 'Till man's first heav'nly state again takes place.

8 Then may we hope th' angelic thrones among,  
 To sing, redeem'd, a glad triumphal song;  
 He that was born upon this joyful day,  
 Around us all his glory shall display;  
 Sav'd by his love, incessant we shall sing,  
 Of angels, and of angel-men, the King.

## HYMN 8.

1 **H**ARK! the herald angels sing,  
 "Glory to their new-born King:  
 "Peace on earth, and mercy mild;  
 "God and sinners reconcil'd."  
 Joyful, all ye nations, rise,  
 Join the triumph of the skies,  
 With th' angelic host proclaim,  
 "Christ is born in Bethelhem."

*Chorus.* Hark! hark! the herald angels sing,  
 Glory to the new-born King.

2 Christ, by highest heav'n ador'd,  
 Christ, the everlasting Lord;  
 Late in time behold him come,  
 Offspring of a virgin's womb;

Veil'd in flesh the Godhead see,  
Hail th' incarnate Deity !  
Pleas'd as man with men t' appear,  
JESUS OUR IMMANUEL here.

Hark, &c.

3 Hail, the heav'n-born Prince of peace,  
Hail, the Sun of righteousness!  
Light and life to all he brings,  
Risen with healing in his wings;  
Mild he lays his glory by,  
Born that man no more may die,  
Born to raise the sons of earth,  
Born to give them second birth.

Hark, &c.

4 Come, desire of nations, come,  
Fix in us thy humble home ;  
Rise, the woman's promis'd seed,  
Bruise in us the serpent's head :  
Adam's likeness now efface,  
Stamp thy image in its place;  
Second Adam from above,  
Reinstate us in thy love.

Hark, &c.

### HYMN 9.

1 JESUS Christ is ris'n to day, *Hallelujah*  
Sons of men, and angels say,  
Who did once upon the cross,  
Suffer to redeem our loss.

- 2 Hymns of praise then let us sing, *Hallelujah*.  
 Unto Christ our heav'nly king.  
 Who endur'd the cross and grave,  
 Sinners to redeem and save.
- 3 But the pains which he endur'd,  
 Our salvation have procur'd;  
 Now above the sky he's King,  
 Where the angels ever sing

## HYMN 10.

- 1 **C**HRIST from the dead is rais'd, and made  
 The first-fruits of the tomb;  
 For as by man came death, by man  
 Did resurrection come.
- 2 For as in Adam all mankind  
 Did guilt and death derive;  
 So by the righteousness of Christ  
 Shall all be made alive.
- 3 If then ye ris'n are with Christ,  
 Seek only how to get  
 The things that are above, where Christ  
 At God's right hand is set.
- 4 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
 One God whom we adore,  
 Be glory, as it was, is now,  
 And shall be evermore.

## HYMN 11.

- 1 **A**RISE and hail the sacred day,  
 Cast all low cares of life away,

And thoughts of meaner things ;  
This day to cure thy deadly woes,  
The sun of righteousness arose,  
With healing in his wings

*Chorus.* O then let heav'n and earth rejoice,  
Creation's whole united voice,  
And hymn the happy day.

2 If angels on that happy morn,  
The Saviour of the world was born,  
Pour'd forth seraphic songs ;  
Much more should we of human race,  
Adore the wonders of his grace,  
To whom the grace belongs.

*Chorus.* O then let heav'n, &c.

3 How wonderful, how vast his love,  
Who left the shining realms above,  
Those happy seats of rest ;  
How much for lost mankind he bore,  
Their peace and pardon to restore,  
Can never be exprest.

*Chorus.* O then let heav'n, &c.

4 Whilst we adore his boundless grace,  
And pious mirth and joy take place,  
Of sorrow, grief, and pain ;  
Give glory to our God on high,  
And not, amongst the general joy,  
Forget good-will to men.

*Chorus.* O then let heav'n, &c.

## HYMN 12.

- 1 **C**REATOR, Spirit, by whose aid,  
The world's foundations first were laid ;  
Come visit every pious mind,  
Come pour thy joys on human-kind.
- 2 From sin and sorrow set us free,  
And make thy temples worthy thee ;  
Illumine our dull darken'd sight,  
Thou source of uncreated light.
- 3 Thrice holy-fount, thrice holy fire,  
Our hearts with heav'nly love inspire ;  
Come, and thy sacred unction bring,  
To sanctify us while we sing.
- 4 Plenteous of grace, descend from high,  
Rich in thy seven-fold energy ;  
Thou strength of his almighty hand,  
Whose pow'r does heaven and earth command.
- 5 Make us eternal truths receive,  
And practise all that we believe ;  
Give us thyself, that we may see,  
The Father, and the Son, by thee.
- 6 Immortal honours, endless fame,  
Attend th' almighty Father's name ;  
The Saviour, Son, be glorified,  
Who for lost man's redemption died.

## HYMN 13.

- 1 **C**OME Holy Ghost, eternal God,  
Proceeding from above ;

Both from the Father and the Son,  
The God of peace and love.

2 Visit our minds, into our hearts,  
Thy heav'nly grace inspire;  
That truth and godliness we may  
Pursue with full desire.

3 Thou art the very Comforter  
In grief and all distress;  
The heav'nly gift of God most high,  
No tongue can it express.

4 The fountain and the living spring  
Of joy celestial;  
The fire so bright, the love so sweet,  
The unction spiritual.

5 Thou in thy gifts art manifold,  
By them Christ's Church doth stand;  
In faithful hearts thou writ'st thy law,  
The finger of God's hand.

6 According to thy promise, Lord,  
Thou givest speech with grace;  
That thro' thy help, God's praises may  
Resound in every place.

## HYMN 14.

1 **H**E comes! the heav'nly bridegroom comes,  
Preceded by the midnight cry!



Sinners and saints forsake their tombs,  
Go forth, and meet him in the sky.

2 How dreadful is the sinners fate,  
Who wakes at last to sleep no more;  
Who knocks, and calls, alas! too late,  
When death for ever shuts the door.

3 To seal the universal doom  
The Son of man shall bow the sky,  
With all his holy angels come,  
With all his Father's majesty!

4 All nations in that day shall meet,  
Arraign'd at his tremendous bar,  
Behold him on his glorious seat:  
And, O my soul, shall I be there!

5 Most gracious, most tremendous Lord,  
The sentence which proceeds from thee,  
For punishment as for reward,  
Must stand through all eternity.

6 Ah! give me *now* thy voice to hear,  
Which calls in mercy so divine,  
That when thou dost as Judge appear,  
Thou may'st acknowledge *me* for thine.

## HYMN 15.

1 **G**LORY be to God our King, *Hallelujah.*  
Thine eternal love we sing:  
Thou hast bar'd thine arm divine,  
Wrought salvation, made us thine. *Hallelujah.*

2 Fir'd with gratitude, we raise  
All our souls to sound thy praise;  
Touch each heart, each tongue inspire,  
Sing we higher still and higher

3 Elevate our souls to thee,  
Thou our guide and guardian be;  
Worthy, worthy may we prove,  
Lord, of such distinguish'd love.

4 Blessing, thankful all our days,  
May we pray, rejoice and praise;  
Till the glorious trump shall sound,  
And our raptur'd hearts rebound. *Hallelujah.*

## HYMN 16.

1 O Clap your hands,  
Ye people, shout and sing,  
To God, the great  
And universal King:  
'Twas he subdu'd  
Whole nations of our foes;  
Then for our lot  
The tribe of Jacob chose.  
God is gone up,  
The Lord is high ascended,  
With trumpet's sound  
And shouts of joy attended.

2 To God the great  
And universal King,  
Exalted praise

With understanding sing:  
The Heathen he  
Rules from his holy throne,  
Whom he in time  
Shall call and make his own ;  
Whose chiefs shall join  
With saints by him elected:  
For by his pow'r  
The earth is all protected.

4 To Father, Son,  
And spirit ever bless'd,  
All honour, praise,  
And worship be address'd;  
As it was done  
In ages long ago,  
As now it is,  
And shall continue so  
To the last bounds  
And date of time extended ;  
And shall endure  
When time his course has ended.

## HYMN 17.

1 **T**HE Lord my pasture shall prepare,  
And feed me with a shepherd's care.  
His presence shall my wants supply,  
And guard me with a watchful eye,  
My noon-day walks he shall attend,  
And all my midnight hours defend.

2 When in the sultry glebe I faint,  
Or on the thirsty mountain pant,  
To fertile vales and dewy meads,  
My weary wandering steps he leads;  
Where peaceful rivers soft and slow,  
Amid the verdant landscape flow.

3 Tho' in the paths of death I tread,  
With gloomy horrors overspread,  
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,  
For thou, O Lord, art with me still;  
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,  
And guide me through the dreadful shade.

4 Tho' in a bare and rugged way,  
Thro' devious lonely wilds I stray,  
Thy bounty shall my pains beguile:  
The barren wilderness shall smile,  
With sudden green and herbage crown'd,  
And streams shall murmur all around.

## HYMN 18.

1 **W**HEN all thy mercies, O my God!  
My rising soul surveys,  
Transported with the view I'm lost  
In wonder, love, and praise.  
Ten thousand thousand precious gifts  
My daily thanks employ;  
Nor is the least a cheerful heart  
To taste those gifts with joy.

2 Unnumber'd comforts to my soul  
Thy tender care bestow'd,

B

Long ere my infant heart conceiv'd  
 From whom those comforts flow'd.  
 When in the slippery paths of youth  
 With heedless steps I ran,  
 Thine arm unseen convey'd me safe,  
 And led me up to man.

3 Through hidden dangers, toils, and deaths,  
 It gently clear'd my way,  
 And through the pleasing snares of vice,  
 More to be fear'd than they.  
 When worn with sickness, oft hast Thou  
 With health renew'd my face;  
 And when in sins and sorrows sunk,  
 Reviv'd my soul with grace.

4 Through every period of my life  
 May I thy love proclaim;  
 And after death, in distant worlds,  
 Resume the glorious theme!  
 Yea, through eternal ages, Lord!  
 I would my tribute raise;  
 But, oh! eternity's too short  
 To utter all thy praise!

## HYMN 19.

1 **T**O our Redeemer's glorious name  
 Awake the sacred song!  
 Oh may his love (immortal flame!)  
 Tune ev'ry heart and tongue.

- 2 His love, what mortal thought can reach?  
 What mortal tongue display?  
 Imagination's utmost stretch  
 In wonder dies away.
- 3 He left his radiant throne on high,  
 Left the bright realms of bliss,  
 And came to earth to bleed and die!  
 Was ever love like his!
- 4 O Lord, while we adoring pay  
 Our humble thanks to thee;  
 May ev'ry heart with rapture say,  
 The Saviour died for me.
- 5 Oh may the sweet, the blissful theme  
 Fill ev'ry heart and tongue;  
 Till strangers love thy charming name,  
 And join the sacred song.

## HYMN 20.

- 1 **H**EAR what the voice from heav'n proclaims,  
 For all the pious dead;  
 Sweet is the savor of their names,  
 And soft their sleeping bed.
- 2 They die in Jesus, and are bless'd;  
 How kind their slumbers are;  
 From sufferings and from sins releas'd,  
 And free'd from ev'ry snare.
- 3 Far from this world of toil and strife,  
 They're present with the Lord;  
 The labours of their mortal life,  
 End in a large reward.

## HYMN 21.

- 1 **W**ITH glory clad, with strength array'd  
The Lord that o'er all nature reigns,  
The world's foundation strongly laid,  
And the vast fabric still sustains.
- 2 How sure establish'd is thy throne,  
Which shall no change or period see;  
For thou, O Lord, and thou alone,  
Art King from all eternity.
- 3 The floods, O Lord, lift up their voice,  
And toss the troubled waves on high ;  
But God above can still their noise,  
And make the angry sea comply.
- 4 Thy promise, Lord, is ever sure,  
And they that in thy house would dwell,  
That happy station to secure,  
Must still in holiness excel.

## HYMN 22.

- 1 **L**ET ev'ry tongue thy goodness speak,  
Thou sov'reign Lord of all;  
Thy strength'ning hands uphold the weak,  
And raise the poor that fall.
- 2 The Lord supports our infant days,  
And guides our giddy youth;  
Holy and just are all thy ways,  
And all thy words are truth.

3 Thou know'st the pains thy servants feel,  
Thou hear'st thy children cry;  
And their best wishes to fulfil,  
Thy grace is ever nigh.

4 Thy mercy never shall remove  
From men of heart sincere:  
Thou sav'st the souls whose humble love  
Is join'd with holy fear

5 My lips shall dwell upon thy praise,  
And spread thy fame abroad;  
Let all the sons of Adam raise  
The honours of their God

## HYMN 23.

1 **W**HEN rising from the bed of death,  
O'erwhelm'd with guilt and fear.  
I see my Maker face to face,  
Oh! how shall I appear.

2 If yet, while pardon may be found,  
And mercy may be sought,  
My heart with inward horror shrinks,  
And trembles at the thought;

3 When Thou, O Lord! shalt stand disclosed,  
In majesty severe,  
And sit in judgment on my soul,  
Oh! how shall I appear.

4 But Thou hast told the troubled soul,  
That doth her sins lament,



Of HIM, who suffer'd unto death,  
Her sufferings to prevent.

5 Then why, my soul, shouldst thou despair  
Full pardon to procure,  
Since Christ, the Lord of Glory, died,  
To make that pardon sure.

## HYMN 24.

1 GOD of my life, whose gracious pow'r,  
Thro' various deaths my soul hath led;  
Or turn'd aside the fatal hour,  
Or lifted up my sinking head.

2 In all my ways thy hand I own,  
Thy ruling providence I see;  
O help me still my course to run,  
And still direct my paths to thee.

3 Foolish, and impotent, and blind,  
Lead me a way I have not known;  
Bring me where I my heav'n may find,  
The heav'n of loving thee alone.

4 Enlarge my heart to make thee room,  
Enter, and in me ever stay;  
The crooked then shall straight become,  
The darkness shall be lost in day.

## HYMN 25.

1 GOD is the refuge of his saints  
When storms of sharp distress invade;

- Ere we can offer our complaints,  
Behold him present with his aid.
- 2 Let mountains from their seats be hurl'd  
Down to the deep, and buried there;  
Convulsions shake the solid world,  
Our faith shall never yield to fear.
- 3 Loud may the troubled ocean roar;  
In sacred peace our souls abide;  
While ev'ry nation, ev'ry shore  
Trembles, and dreads the swelling tide.
- 4 There is a stream, whose gentle flow,  
Supplies the city of our God;  
Life, love, and joy still gliding thro',  
And wat'ring our divine abode.
- 5 That sacred stream, thy holy word,  
That all our raging fear controuls;  
Sweet peace thy promises afford,  
And give new strength to fainting souls.

## HYMN 26.

- 1 **W**HEN I survey the wond'rous cross,  
On which the Prince of glory dy'd,  
My richest gain I count but loss,  
And pour contempt on all my pride.
- 2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,  
Save in the death of Christ, my God;  
All the vain things which charm me most  
I sacrifice to Jesu's blood.

- 3 See from his head, his hands, his feet,  
Sorrow and love flow mingled down;  
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,  
Or thorns compose so rich a crown.
- 4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,  
That were a present far too small;  
Love so amazing, so divine,  
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

## HYMN 27.

- 1 **O**H for a sweet, inspiring ray,  
To animate our feeble strains,  
From the bright realms of endless day,  
The blissful realms, where Jesus reigns!
- 2 There low before his glorious throne,  
Adoring saints and angels fall;  
And with delightful worship own,  
His smile, their bliss, their heav'n, their all.
- 3 Immortal glories crown his head,  
While tuneful hallelujahs rise;  
And love, and joy, and triumph spread  
Through all the assemblies of the skies.
- 4 He smiles, and seraphs tune their songs  
To boundless rapture while they gaze;  
Ten thousand thousand joyful tongues  
Resound his everlasting praise.
- 5 There all the followers of the Lamb  
Shall join at last the heav'nly choir;

Oh may the joy inspiring theme  
Awake our faith and warm desire !

6 Dear Saviour, let thy Spirit seal  
Our interest in that blissful place ;  
Till death remove this mortal veil,  
And we behold thy lovely face.

## HYMN 28.

1 **T**HE spacious firmament on high,  
With all the blue ethereal sky,  
And spangl'd heav'ns a shining frame,  
Their great original proclaim.  
Th' unwearied sun from day to day,  
Does his Creator's power display,  
And publishes to ev'ry land,  
The work of an almighty hand.

2 Soon as the ev'ning shades prevail,  
The moon takes up the wond'rous tale,  
And nightly to the list'ning earth,  
Repeats the story of her birth,  
Whilst all the stars that round her burn,  
And all the planets in their turn,  
Confirm the tidings as they roll,  
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

3 What tho' in solemn silence all  
Move round the dark terrestrial ball,  
What tho' no real voice nor sound  
Amid their radiant orbs be found,  
In reason's ear they all rejoice,  
And utter forth a glorious voice,

For ever singing as they shine,  
The hand that made us is divine.

## HYMN 29.

1 **C**OME sing the great Jehovah's praise;  
Whose mercies have prolong'd our days,  
Sing with a joyful voice;  
With bended knees and raised eyes,  
Adore your God with sacrifice,  
In sacred hymns rejoice.

2 Great is the God of our defence,  
Transcending all in eminence;  
His hand the earth sustains:  
The depths, the lofty mountains made,  
The land, the liquid plains display'd,  
And curbs them with his reins.

3 O come, before his footstool fall,  
Our only God, who form'd us all,  
Thro' storms and dangers leads:  
He is our shepherd, we his sheep,  
His hands from wolves and rapine keep,  
In pleasant pasture feeds.

## HYMN 30.

1 **M**Y God, in whom are all the springs  
Of boundless love, and grace unknown;  
Hide me beneath thy spreading wings,  
Till the dark cloud has overblown.

2 Up to the heav'ns I send my cry,  
The Lord will my desires perform;

He sends his angels from the sky.  
And saves us from the threat'ning storm.

3 Be thou exalted, O my God,  
Above the heav'ns where angels dwell;  
Thy pow'r on earth be known abroad,  
And land to land thy wonders tell.

4 My heart is fix'd; my song shall raise  
Immortal honours to thy name;  
Awake, my tongue, to sound his praise,  
My tongue the glory of my frame.

5 High o'er the earth his mercy reigns,  
And reaches to the utmost sky;  
His truth to endless years remains,  
When lower worlds dissolve and die.

## HYMN 31.

1 SONS of men, behold from far,  
Hail the long expected star!  
Jacob's star that gilds the night,  
Guides bewilder'd nature right.  
Fear not hence that ill should flow,  
Wars or pestilence below,  
Wars it bids, and tumults cease,  
Ush'ring in the Prince of peace.

2 Mild he shines on all beneath,  
Piercing through the shades of death,  
Scatt'ring error's wide-spread night,  
Kindling darkness into light.  
Nations all, far off and near,  
Haste to see your God appear!

Haste, for him your hearts prepare,  
Meet him manifested there.

3 There behold the day-spring rise,  
Pouring eye-sight on your eyes,  
God in his pure light survey,  
Shining to the perfect day.  
Sing, ye morning stars again,  
God descends on earth to reign,  
Deigns for man his life t' employ,  
Shout ye sons of men for joy.

## HYMN 32.

1 **V**ITAL spark of heav'nly flame,  
Quit, oh quit, this mortal frame;  
Trembling, hoping, ling'ring, flying,  
Oh! the pain, the bliss of dying.

2 Cease fond nature, cease thy strife,  
And let me languish into life;  
Hark! they whisper, angels say,  
Sister spirit, come away.

3 What is this absorbs me quite,  
Steals my senses, shuts my sight;  
Drowns my spirits, draws my breath,  
Tell me, my soul, can this be death.

4 The world recedes, it disappears,  
Heav'n opens on my eyes; my ears  
With sounds seraphic ring:  
Lend, lend your wings, I mount, I fly,  
O grave, where is thy victory?  
O death, where is thy sting?

## HYMN 33.

- 1 **C**OME, ye, that love the Lord,  
And let your joys be known ;  
Join in a song with sweet accord,  
While ye surround his throne.
- 2 The God that rules on high,  
That all the earth surveys,  
That rides upon the stormy sky,  
And calms the roaring seas.
- 3 This awful God is ours,  
Our Father and our Love ;  
He will send down his heav'nly pow'rs  
To carry us above.
- 4 There we shall see his face,  
And never, never sin :  
There, from the rivers of his grace,  
Drink endless pleasures in.
- 5 Yea, and before we rise  
To that immortal state,  
The thoughts of such amazing bliss  
Should constant joys create.
- 6 The men of grace have found  
Glory begun below ;  
Celestial fruit on earthly ground  
From faith and hope may grow
- 7 Then let our songs abound,  
And ev'ry tear be dry :



- 4 O may thy grace the nations lead,  
 And Jews and Gentiles come,  
 All travelling through one beauteous gate  
 To one eternal home.

HYMN XLVII. 7s.

- 1 Rock of ages! cleft for me,  
 Let me hide myself in Thee;  
 Let the water and the blood,  
 From thy side, a healing flood,  
 Be of sin the double cure;  
 Save from wrath, and make me pure.
- 2 Should my tears for ever flow,  
 Should my zeal no langour know,  
 'This for sin could not atone;  
 Thou must save, and Thou alone;  
 In my hand no price I bring,  
 Simply to thy cross I cling.
- 3 While I draw this fleeting breath,  
 When mine eye-lids close in death,  
 When I rise to worlds unknown,  
 And behold Thee on thy throne,  
 Rock of ages! cleft for me,  
 Let me hide myself in Thee.

HYMN XLVIII. C. M.

- 1 JESUS, Thou "Man of sorrows," born  
 To suff'ring here below,

- 2 When I thy works, O Lord, behold,  
In heav'n, and where I've trod ;  
They all outshine the finest gold,  
And shew thee all a God.
- 3 Give me, O Lord, thy saving grace,  
Keep me from sin secure ;  
May I the paths of virtue tread,  
And make salvation sure.
- 4 For ev'ry mercy I enjoy,  
Give me a thankful heart ;  
And graciously my thoughts employ,  
In thy angelic part.
- 5 O holy, holy, holy Lord !  
Of earth and heav'n above,  
Thy spirit of peace to me afford,  
To sing, adore, and love.

## HYMN 36.

- 1 NO songs of triumph now be sung,  
Cease all your sprightly airs ;  
Let sorrow silence ev'ry tongue,  
And joy dissolves to tears.
- 2 See where opprobriously for us,  
Our bleeding Saviour's nail'd !  
Ah see, while death he suffers thus,  
How much our sins prevail'd.
- 3 Ah ! think what agonies he felt,  
How vast the weight he bore !

And let your souls in weeping melt,  
And bleed at ev'ry pore.

4 If at this sight we don't repent,  
What other sight can move?  
Ungrateful should we not relent,  
And pay such love, with love?

5 If still contrition is forgot,  
And we our sins retain;  
As far as it concerns our lot,  
He yet but dy'd in vain.

## HYMN 37.

1 **L**ORD of the worlds above,  
How pleasant and how fair  
The dwellings of thy love,  
Thy earthly temples are!  
To thine abode my heart aspires  
With warm desires to see my God.

2 O! happy souls that pray  
Where God appoints to hear!  
O! happy men that pay  
Their constant service there!  
They praise thee still; and happy they  
That love the way to Sion's hill.

3 They go from strength to strength  
Thro' this dark vale of tears,  
Till each o'ercome at length,  
Till each in heav'n appears:  
O glorious seat! thou God, our King,  
Shalt thither bring our willing feet.

4 God is our sun and shield,  
Our light and our defence;  
With gifts his hands are fill'd :  
We draw our blessings thence :  
He shall bestow upon our race  
His saving grace, and glory too

5 The Lord his people loves,  
His hand no good withholds  
From those his heart approves,  
From holy, humble souls :  
Thrice happy he, O God of hosts,  
Whose spirit trusts alone in thee.

## HYMN 38.

1 **O** LORD ; how merciful art Thou ;  
Although of sinners we are chief,  
Prostrate before thy throne we bow,  
In humble hope to find relief.

2 Our Saviour ! why should we despair,  
Since for the vilest Thou didst die ?  
Wilt thou not hear the sinner's prayer ?  
Wilt thou not hear his secret sigh ?

3 Cleanse Thou the thoughts of every heart,  
Help us to live to Thee alone ;  
Thy gracious Spirit now impart,  
And take away the heart of stone.

4 Keep us from every evil way ;  
Preserve us from the sinner's doom :

Guard and protect us day by day,  
And save us from the wrath to come.

5 And when our spirits take their flight,  
Oh ! guide them to the realms above,  
To dwell among thy saints in light,  
Where all is joy, and peace, and love.

## HYMN 39.

1 **B**EHOLD the Saviour of mankind  
Nail'd to the shameful tree ;  
How vast the love, that him inclin'd  
To bleed and die for thee !

2 Hark, how he groans ! while nature shakes,  
And earth's strong pillars bend !  
The temple's veil in sunder breaks,  
The solid marbles rend.

3 'Tis done ! the precious ransom's paid,  
"Receive my soul," he cries !  
See, where he bows his sacred head !  
He bows his head and dies.

4 But soon he'll break death's envious chain,  
And in full glory shine :  
O Lamb of God ! was ever pain,  
Was ever love like thine !

## HYMN 40.

1 **T**HERE is a land of pure delight,  
Where saints immortal reign :

Infinite day excludes the night,  
And pleasures banish pain.

2 Lo ! rising from the swelling flood,  
The' eternal hills are seen !  
So Canaan's promised land was view'd,  
While Jordon roll'd between.

3 But timorous mortals start and shrink,  
To cross the narrow sea,  
And linger, shivering on the brink,  
Afraid to launch away.

4 Oh ! could we make our doubts remove  
Those gloomy doubts that rise ;  
And see the Canaan that we love,  
With faith's illumined eyes ;

5 Could we but climb where Moses stood,  
And view the landscape o'er,  
Not Jordon's waves, nor death's cold flood,  
Should fright us from the shore.

## HYMN 41.

1 **L**ORD, when we bend before thy throne,  
And our confessions pour,  
Teach us to feel the sins we own,  
And hate what we deplore :  
Our broken spirits pitying see ;  
True penitence impart ;  
Then let a kindling glance from Thee  
Beam hope upon the heart.

- 2 When our responsive tongues essay  
 Their grateful hymns to raise,  
 Grant that our souls may join the lay,  
 And mount to Thee in praise :  
 Then on thy glories while we dwell,  
 Thy mercies we'll review ;  
 Till love divine transported tell,  
 Our God's our Father too.
- 3 When we disclose our wants in prayer,  
 May we our wills resign,  
 And not a thought our bosom share  
 That is not wholly thine :  
 May faith each weak petition fill,  
 And waft it to the skies ;  
 And teach our hearts 'tis goodness still  
 That grants it, or denies.

## HYMN 42.

- 1 **B**EFORE Jehovah's awful throne,  
 Ye nations bow with sacred joy :  
 Know that the Lord is God alone,  
 He can create, and can destroy.
- 2 His sov'reign pow'r, without our aid,  
 Made us of clay, and form'd us men ;  
 And when like wand'ring sheep we stray'd,  
 He brought us to his fold again.
- 3 We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs,  
 High as the heav'ns our voices raise ;  
 And earth with her ten thousand tongues,  
 Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.

4 Wide as the world is thy command ;  
Vast as eternity thy love ;  
Firm as a rock thy truth must stand,  
When rolling years shall cease to move.

## HYMN 43.

1 **L**O ! he comes, with clouds descending,  
Once for favour'd sinners slain,  
Thousand thousand saints attending,  
Swell the triumph of his train ;  
Hallelujah, God appears on earth to reign.

2 Behold Jehovah's mighty car,  
Blazing with eternal flames,  
Hark ! the seraphic songs from far,  
Chant the great Redeemer's name ;  
Hallelujah, echoes thro' the vaulted frame.

3 See the glorious God descending,  
See the angels in array,  
Hark, the awful trumpet sounding,  
Come to judgment ; come away.  
Hallelujah, come to judgment, come away.

4 'Tis done, the awful process ended,  
Nature's clouds are swept away ;  
The Son of glory, now descended,  
Opens an eternal day ;  
Hallelujah, hail, all hail, eternal day.

## HYMN 44.

1 **T**HE praises of my tongue  
I offer to the Lord,



That I was taught, and learnt so young,  
To read his holy word.

2 That I am brought to know  
The danger I was in,  
By nature and by practice too,  
A wretched slave to sin.

3 That I am led to see  
I can do nothing well ;  
And whither shall a sinner flee,  
To save himself from hell ?

4 Dear Lord this book of thine  
Informs me where to go,  
For grace to pardon all my sin,  
And make me holy too.

5 Here I can read, and learn  
How Christ, the Son of God,  
Did undertake our great concern ;  
Our ransom cost his blood.

6 And now he reigns above ;  
He sends his Spirit down  
To shew the wonders of his love,  
And make his gospel known.

7 O may the Spirit teach.  
And make my heart receive  
Those truths which all thy servants preach,  
And all thy saints believe.

8 Then shall I praise the Lord  
In a more cheerful strain,

That I was taught to read his word,  
And have not learnt in vain.

## HYMN 45.

1 **W**HY do we mourn departed friends,  
Or shake at death's alarms?

'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends,  
To call them to his arms.

2 Are we not mounting upwards too  
As fast as time can move?

Nor should we wish the hours more slow  
To keep us from our love.

3 Why should we tremble to convey  
Their bodies to the tomb?

'Twas there the blest Redeemer lay,  
And shed a rich perfume.

4 The graves of all his saints he bless'd  
And soften'd every bed;

Where should the dying members rest,  
But with their dying head!

5 Until the last loud trumpet sound,  
And bid our kindred rise,

Awake ye nations under ground,  
Ye saints ascend the skies.

## HYMN 46

1 **H**APPY the man that finds the grace,  
The blessings of God's chosen race,  
The wisdom coming from above,  
The faith that sweetly works by love.

2 Happy beyond description he  
Who knows the Saviour dy'd for me,  
The gift unspeakable obtains,  
And heav'nly understanding gains.

3 Wisdom divine! who tells the price  
Of wisdom's costly merchandise;  
Wisdom to silver we prefer,  
And gold is dross, compar'd to her.

4 Her hands are fill'd with length of days,  
True riches and immortal praise,  
Riches of Christ on all bestow'd,  
And honour that descends from God.

5 To purest joys she all invites,  
Chaste, holy, spiritual delights;  
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,  
And all her flow'ry paths are peace.

6 Happy the man who wisdom gains,  
Thrice happy who his guest retains;  
He owns, and shall for ever own,  
Wisdom, and Christ, and heav'n are one.

#### HYMN 47.

1 **O** GOD, our help in ages past,  
Our hope for years to come,  
Our shelter from the stormy blast,  
And our eternal home.

2 Under the shadow of thy throne  
Still may we dwell secure;

Sufficient is thine arm alone,  
And our defence is sure.

3 Before the hills in order stood,  
Or earth receiv'd her frame ;  
From everlasting thou art God,  
To endless years the same.

4 A thousand ages in thy sight,  
Are like an ev'ning gone ;  
Short as the watch that ends the night,  
Before the rising sun.

5 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,  
Bears all his sons away ;  
They fly, forgotten, as a dream  
Dies at the opening day.

6 O God ! our help in ages past,  
Our hope for years to come ;  
Be thou our guard while life shall last,  
And our perpetual home.

## HYMN 48.

1 **T**HEE we adore, eternal name !  
And humbly own to thee,  
How feeble is our mortal frame,  
What dying worms we be !

2 Our wasting lives grow shorter still,  
As days and months increase ;  
And every beating pulse we tell,  
Leaves but the number less.

- 3 The year rolls round, and steals away  
 The breath that first it gave ;  
 Whate'er we do, where'er we be,  
 We're travelling to the grave.
- 4 Dangers stand thick through all the ground,  
 To push us to the tomb ;  
 And fierce diseases wait around,  
 To hurry mortals home.
- 5 Great God, on what a slender thread  
 Hang everlasting things ;  
 Th' eternal states of all the dead,  
 Upon life's feeble strings ;
- 6 Infinite joy, or endless woe  
 Depends on ev'ry breath !  
 And yet how unconcern'd we go  
 Upon the brink of death !
- 7 Waken, O Lord, our drowsy sense,  
 To walk this dang'rous road ;  
 And if our souls are hurry'd hence,  
 May they be found with God !

## HYMN 49.

- 1 COME, Saviour, Jesus from above !  
 Assist me with thy heav'nly grace  
 Empty my heart of earthly love,  
 And for thyself prepare the place.
- 2 O let thy sacred presence fill,  
 And set my longing spirit free !

Which pants to have no other will,  
But night and day to feast on thee.

3 While in this region ~~here~~ below,  
No other good will I pursue;  
I'll bid this world of noise and show,  
With all its glittering snares adieu.

4 That path with humble speed I'll seek,  
In which my Saviour's footsteps shine;  
Nor will I hear, nor will I speak  
Of any other love but thine.

5 Henceforth may no prophane delight  
Divide this consecrated soul;  
Possess it thou who hast the right,  
As Lord and Master of the whole.

6 Nothing on earth do I desire.  
But thy pure love within my breast;  
This, only this will I require,  
And freely give up all the rest.

## HYMN 50.

1 JESUS, I bless thy sacred name  
For favours so divine;  
All that I have, and all I am,  
Shall be for ever thine.

2 Here peace and pardon sweetly flow:  
Oh what delightful food!  
Here is a balm for all my woe,  
With every needful good.

3 Now may the God of boundless grace,  
The God of hope and love,  
Fill each believing soul with peace,  
And ev'ry doubt remove.

## HYMN 51.

- 1 **F**ATHER of glory, to thy name  
Immortal praise we give,  
Who dost an act of grace proclaim,  
And bids't us rebels live.
- 2 Immortal honour to the Son,  
Who makes thy anger cease ;  
Our lives he ransom'd with his own,  
And dy'd to make our peace.
- 3 To thy Almighty Spirit be  
Immortal glory giv'n,  
Whose influence brings us near to thee,  
And trains us up for heaven.
- 4 Let men, with their united voice,  
Adore the eternal God,  
And spread his honours and their joys,  
Through nations far abroad.
- 5 Let faith, and love, and duty join,  
One general song to raise,  
Let saints in earth and heav'n combine,  
In harmony and praise.

## HYMN 52

- 1 **T**HE Lord with pleasure views his saints,  
And calls them all his own ;  
And low he bows to their complaints,  
And pities ev'ry groan.
- 2 In all the joys they here possess,  
He takes a tender part ;  
And, when they rise to heav'nly bliss,  
Complacence fills his heart.
- 3 My God, are all my pleasures thine,  
My comforts thy delight ?  
O ! be thy happiness divine  
Most precious in my sight.
- 4 They most in all thy bliss shall share,  
Whose hearts can love thee most ;  
O could I vie in ardour here  
With all th' angelic host.

## HYMN 53.

- 1 **G**LORY to thee, my God this night,  
For all the blessings of the light:  
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,  
Under thy own almighty wings.
- 2 Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,  
The ills that I this day have done ;  
That with the world, myself, and thee,  
I, e'er I sleep, at peace may be.
- 3 Teach me to live, that I may dread  
The grave as little as my bed ;



Teach me die, that so I may  
Triumphing rise at the last day.

4 O may my soul on thee repose ;  
And with sweet sleep mine eyelids close :  
Sleep that may me more vigorous make,  
To serve my God when I awake.

5 When in the night I sleepless lie,  
My soul with heav'nly thoughts supply :  
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,  
No pow'rs of darkness me molest.

6 Let my blest guardian, whilst I sleep,  
Close to my bed his vigils keep ;  
Divine love into me instil,  
Stop all the avenues of ill.

7 Thought to thought with my soul converse,  
Celestial joys to me rehearse ;  
And in my stead, all the night long,  
Sing to my God a grateful song.

8 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow ;  
Praise him, all creatures here below :  
Praise him above, th' angelic host ;  
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

#### HYMN 54.

1 **M**Y God, and is thy table spread,  
And does thy cup with love o'erflow ?  
Thither be all thy children led,  
And let them all thy sweetness know.

- 2 Hail, sacred feast, which JESUS makes !  
 Rich banquet of his flesh and blood !  
 Thrice happy he, who here partakes  
 That sacred stream, that heav'nly food.
- 3 Why are its dainties all in vain  
 Before unwilling hearts display'd ?  
 Was not for you the victim slain ?  
 Are you forbid the children's bread ?
- 4 O let thy table honour'd be,  
 And furnish'd well with joyful guests ;  
 And may each soul salvation see,  
 That here its sacred pledges tastes.
- 5 Let crowds approach with hearts prepar'd ;  
 With hearts inflam'd let all attend ;  
 Nor, when we leave our Father's board,  
 The pleasure or the profit end.
- 6 Revive thy dying churches, Lord,  
 And bid our drooping graces live,  
 And more that energy afford,  
 A Saviour's blood alone can give.

## HYMN 55.

- 1 MY God, the spring of all my joys,  
 The life of my delights,  
 The glory of my brightest days,  
 And comfort of my nights.
- 2 In darkest shades if thou appear,  
 My dawning is begun :

Thou art my soul's bright morning star,  
And thou my rising sun.

3 The op'ning heav'ns around me shine  
With beams of sacred bliss,  
If Jesus shews his mercy mine,  
And whispers I am his.

4 My soul would leave this heavy clay  
At that transporting word,  
Run up with joy the shining way,  
To see and praise my Lord.

5 Fearless of hell, and ghastly death,  
I'd break thro' every foe ;  
The wings of love, and arms of faith,  
Would bear me conqu'ror through.

## HYMN 56.

1 **L**ORD, hear the voice of our complaint,  
Accept our secret pray'r ;  
To thee alone, our King, our God,  
Will we for help repair.

2 Thou in the morn our voice shall hear,  
And with the dawning day  
To thee devoutly we'll look up,  
To thee devoutly pray.

3 O let all those who trust in thee,  
With shouts their joys proclaim ;  
Let them rejoice, whom thou preserv'st,  
And all that love thy name.

- 4 To righteous men, the righteous Lord  
His blessings will extend ;  
And with his favour, as a shield,  
Will all his saints defend.

## HYMN 57.

- 1 **T**HE festal morn, my God, is come,  
That calls me to thy honour'd dome,  
Thy presence to adore ;  
My feet the summons shall attend,  
With willing steps thy courts ascend,  
And tread the hallow'd floor.

- 2 Ev'n now to our transported eyes,  
Fair *Sion's* tow'rs in prospect rise,  
Within her gates we stand ;  
And, lost in wonder and delight,  
Behold her happy sons unite  
In friendship's firmest band.

- 3 Hither from *Judah's* utmost end,  
The heaven-protected tribes ascend,  
Their off'rings hither bring ;  
Here, eager to attest their joy,  
In hymns of praise their tongues employ,  
And hail th' immortal King.

## HYMN 58.

- 1 **H**OW good and pleasant is the work  
To bless the Lord most high ;  
And with repeated hymns of praise  
His name to magnify !

- 2 With ev'ry morning's early dawn  
His goodness to relate ;  
And of his constant truth, each night,  
The glad effects repeat.
- 3 How wond'rous are thy works, O Lord,  
How deep are thy decrees !  
Whose winding track, in secret laid,  
No thoughtless sinner sees,
- 4 Tho' wicked men, like blooming flow'rs,  
Awhile look fresh and gay ;  
Soon must the short-liv'd beauty fade,  
Their glory pass away.
- 5 But those who keep the laws of God,  
Within his courts shall thrive ;  
Their vigour and their fruitfulness  
Shall in old age revive.
- 6 Thus will the Lord his justice shew ;  
And God, our strong defence,  
Will due rewards to all the world  
Impartially dispense.

## HYMN 59.

- 1 **L**ORD, who's the happy man that may  
To thy blest courts repair ;  
And, while he bows before thy throne,  
Shall find acceptance there ?
- 2 'Tis he whose ev'ry thought and deed  
rules of virtue moves ;

Whose gen'rous tongue disdains to speak  
The thing his heart disproves.

3 Who never will a slander forge  
His neighbour's fame to wound ;  
Nor hearken to a false report,  
By malice whisper'd round.

4 Who vice, when drest in pomp and pow'r,  
Can treat with just neglect ;  
And piety, tho' cloth'd in rags,  
Religiously respect.

5 Who to his plighted vows and trust  
Has ever firmly stood ;  
And tho' he promise to his loss,  
Still makes his promise good.

6 Who seeks not by oppressive ways  
His wealth to multiply :  
Whom no rewards can ever bribe  
The guiltless to destroy.

7 The man who, by this steady course,  
Has happiness insur'd,  
When earth's foundation shakes, shall stand  
By providence secur'd.

## HYMN 60.

1 **B**EHOLD, where breathing love divine,  
Our dying master stands !  
His weeping followers gathering round,  
Receive his last commands.

- 2 From that mild teacher's parting lips  
What tender accents fell !  
The gentle precept which he gave  
Became its Author well.
- 3 "Blest is the man, whose soft'ning heart  
"Feels all another's pain ;  
"To whom the supplicating eye,  
"Was never rais'd in vain.
- 4 "Whose breast expands with gen'rous warmth,  
"A stranger's woes to feel,  
"And bleeds in pity o'er the wound  
"He wants the power to heal.
- 5 "He spreads his kind supporting arms  
"To every child of grief ;  
"His sacred bounty largely flows,  
"And brings unask'd relief.
- 6 "To gentle offices of love  
"His feet are never slow ;  
"He views, through mercy's melting eye,  
"A brother in a foe.
- 7 "Peace from the bosom of his God,  
"My peace to him I give ;  
"And when he kneels before the throne,  
"His trembling soul shall live.
- 8 "To him protection shall be shewn ;  
"And mercy from above,  
"Descend on those who thus fulfil  
"The perfect law of love."

## HYMN 61.

1 **O** Thou ! to whose all-searching sight  
The darkness shineth as the light !  
Try us, and prove our treacherous heart,  
And bid the power of sin depart.

2 As through this vale of tears we stray,  
Be thou our Light, be Thou our Stay :  
Mark out the Pilgrim's heavenly road,  
That leads unto the mount of God.

3 If storms and tempests cloud our way,  
Our strength proportion to our day ;  
Nor storms nor tempests need we fear,  
If God, our Sun and Shield, be near.

4 Guide and uphold us with thy hand,  
Till we arrive at Canaan's land ;  
The land where sin and death shall cease ;  
The land of rest, and joy, and peace.

## HYMN 62.

1 **O** Thou that hear'st when sinners cry,  
Though all my sins before thee lie,  
Behold me not with angry look,  
But blot their memory from thy book.

2 Create my nature pure within,  
And form my soul averse to sin ;  
Let thy good spirit ne'er depart,  
Nor hide thy presence from my heart.



3 I cannot live without thy light,  
Cast out and banish'd from thy sight :  
Thy saving strength, O Lord, restore,  
And guard me that I fall no more.

4 Though I have griev'd thy Spirit, Lord,  
His help and comfort still afford :  
And let a wretch come near thy throne,  
To plead the merits of thy Son.

5 O may thy love inspire my tongue,  
Salvation shall be all my song ;  
And all my powers shall join to bless  
The Lord, my strength and righteousness.

## HYMN 63.

1 **O** THOU ! who hast at thy command  
The hearts of all men in thy hand :  
Those wayward erring hearts incline  
To have no other will but thine.

2 Our wishes, our desires, control ;  
Mould every purpose of the soul ;  
O'er all may we victorious be,  
That stands between ourselves and Thee.

3 Twice blest will all our blessings be,  
When we can look through them to Thee ;  
When each glad heart its tribute pays  
Of love, and gratitude, and praise.

4 Still make us, when temptation's near,  
As our worst foe ourselves to fear :

And, each vain-glorious thought to quell,  
Teach us how Peter vow'd and fell.

5 Yet may we, feeble, weak, and frail,  
Against our mightiest foes prevail;  
Thy word, our safety from alarm,  
Our strength, thine everlasting arm.

6 And while we to thy glory live,  
May we to Thee all glory give,  
Until the joyful summons come,  
That calls thy willing servants home.

## HYMN 64.

1 **T**HOUGH late I all forsake,  
My friends, my all resign:  
Gracious Redeemer, take, Oh take,  
And seal me ever thine.

2 Come, and possess me whole,  
Nor hence again remove;  
Settle and fix my wav'ring soul  
With all thy weight of love.

3 My one desire be this,  
Thy only love to know,  
To seek and taste no other bliss,  
No other good below.

4 My life, my portion thou,  
Thou all-sufficient art;  
My hope, my heav'nly treasure, now  
Enter and keep my heart.

## HYMN 65.

- 1 **C**OME, Holy Spirit ! come :  
     Let thy bright beams arise ;  
 Dispel the sorrow from our minds,  
     The darkness from our eyes.
- 2 Convince us all of sin ;  
     Then lead us to the Lord ;  
 And to our wondering view reveal  
     The mercies of thy word.
- 3 Revive our drooping faith,  
     Our doubts and fears remove ;  
 And kindle in our breast the flame  
     Of everlasting love.
- 4 Dwell Thou within our breast,  
     Our minds from bondage free ;  
 So shall we know, and praise, and love,  
     The Father, Son, and Thee.

## HYMN 66.

- 1 **J**ESUS, my LORD, my God !  
     The God supreme thou art :  
 The LORD of hosts, whose precious blood  
     Is sprinkled on my heart.
- 2 Jehovah is thy name :  
     And through thy blood applied,  
 Convinc'd and certified I am  
     There is no God beside.
- 3 Soon as thy Spirit shows  
     That precious blood of thine,

The happy, pardon'd sinner knows  
It is the blood divine.

4 But only he who feels  
My Saviour died for me,  
Is sure that all the Godhead dwells  
Eternally in thee.

## HYMN 67.

1 **L**ET God the FATHER live  
For ever on our tongues ;  
Sinners from his free love derive  
The ground of all their songs.

2 Ye saints, employ your breath  
In honour of the SON,  
Who bought your souls from hell and death,  
By offering up his own.

3 Give to the SPIRIT praise,  
Of an immortal strain,  
Whose light, and power, and grace conveys  
Salvation down to men.

4 While God the Comforter  
Reveals our pardon'd sin ;  
O may the blood and water bear  
The same record within.

5 To the great One in Three,  
That seal the grace in heaven,  
The FATHER, SON, and SPIRIT, be  
Eternal glory given.

## HYMN 68.

- 1 **TRY** us, O God ! and search the ground :  
Of every evil heart :  
Whate'er of sin in us is found,  
Oh ! bid it all depart.
- 2 When to the right or left we stray,  
Pity thy helpless sheep ;  
Bring back our feet into the way,  
And there thy wanderers keep.
- 3 Help us to help each other, Lord ;  
Each other's burden bear :  
Let each his friendly aid afford  
To sooth his brother's care.
- 4 Help us to build each other up ;  
Help us ourselves to prove ;  
Increase our faith, confirm our hope,  
And perfect us in love.
- 5 Complete at length thy work of grace,  
And take us to thy rest,  
Among thy saints, who see thy face,  
To be for ever blest.

## HYMN 69.

- 1 **JEHOVAH** Lord of heav'n,  
By men on earth ador'd,  
This sacred Church to thee is giv'n,  
Accept the off'ring, Lord.

2 Here may thy glory rest,  
Here may thy truth be known;  
By every heart thy name confess'd,  
For thou art God alone.

3 Here Lord, thyself reveal,  
Thy holy truth impart;  
The doctrines of thy kingdom seal  
On ev'ry waiting heart.

4 Give to thy word success,  
That thousands may come in,  
With heart and life thy truth profess,  
And cease from every sin.

5 A holy church be here,  
Built on thy sacred word;  
Which shall at length in heav'n appear,  
And see thy glory, Lord.

6 From hence may thousands rise,  
Made pure by faith and love;  
Possess their mansions in the skies,  
And sing thy praise above.

## HYMN 70.

1 **T**HY mercies and thy love,  
O Lord, recall to mind;  
And graciously continue still,  
As thou wert ever, kind.

2 Let all my youthful crimes,  
Be blotted out by thee;  
And for thy wond'rous goodness sake,  
In mercy think on me.

3 His mercy and his truth,  
The righteous Lord displays ;  
In bringing wand'ring sinners home,  
And teaching them his ways.

4 He those in justice guides,  
Who his direction seek ;  
And in his sacred paths, shall lead  
The humble and the meek.

5 Thro' all the ways of God,  
Both truth and mercy shine ;  
To such as with religious hearts,  
To his blest word incline.

## HYMN 71.

1 **A**LMIGHTY Maker, God,  
How wond'rous is thy name ;  
Thy glories how diffus'd abroad,  
Thro' the creation's frame.

2 Nature, in every dress,  
Her humble homage pays ;  
And finds a thousand ways t' express  
Thine undissembled praise.

3 My soul would rise and sing  
To her Creator too ;  
Fain would my tongue adore my King,  
And pay the worship due.

4 Create my soul anew,  
Else all my worship's vain !

This wretched heart will ne'er be true,  
Until 'tis form'd again.

5 Descend ! celestial fire,  
And seize me from above ;  
May I to heavenly bliss aspire  
And know, that God is love.

6 Let joy and worship spend  
The remnant of my days ;  
And to my God, my soul ascend,  
In sweet perfumes of praise.

## HYMN 72.

I JESUS invites his saints  
To meet around his board:  
Here pardon'd sinners sit, and hold  
Communion with their Lord.

2 Here we survey that love,  
Which spoke in ev'ry breath ;  
Which crown'd each action of his life,  
And triumph'd in his death.

3 Here let our pow'rs unite  
His glorious name to raise,  
Pleasure and joy fill every mind,  
And ev'ry voice be praise.

4 And while we share the gifts,  
His gracious hands bestow,  
Let ev'ry heart, in friendship join'd,  
With kind affection glow.



5 Let love inspire each breast,  
And dictate ev'ry thought ;  
Be angry passions far remov'd,  
And selfish views forgot.

6 Our souls, expanded wide  
By our Redeemer's grace,  
Shall in the arms of fervent love,  
All heav'n and earth embrace.

## HYMN 73.

1 **T**O celebrate thy praise, O Lord,  
I will my heart prepare :  
To all the list'ning world, thy works,  
Thy wond'rous works declare.

2 The thoughts of them shall to my soul  
Exalted pleasure bring :  
Whilst to thy name, O thou most high,  
Triumphant praise I'll sing.

3 All those who have his goodness prov'd  
Will in his truth confide,  
Whose mercy ne'er forsook the man,  
That on his help rely'd.

4 Sing praises therefore to the Lord,  
From Sion his abode ;  
Proclaim his deeds, till all the world  
Confess no other God.

## HYMN 74.

1 **C**OME let us join our cheerful songs,  
With angels round the throne ;

Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,  
But all their joys are one.

2 Worthy the Lamb that dy'd, they cry,  
To be exalted thus ;

Worthy the Lamb, our lips reply,  
For he was slain for us.

3 Jesus is worthy to receive  
Honour and pow'r divine ;

And blessings more than we can give  
Be, Lord, for ever thine.

4 Let all that dwell above the sky,  
And air, and earth, and seas ;

Conspire to lift thy glories high,  
And speak thine endless praise.

5 Let all creation join in one,  
To bless the sacred name

Of him that sits upon the throne,  
And to adore the Lamb.

## HYMN 75.

1 **H**OSANNAH with a cheerful sound,  
To God's upholding hand,  
Ten thousand snares attend us round,  
And yet secure we stand.

2 That was a most amazing pow'r,  
That rais'd us with a word ;  
And ev'ry day, and ev'ry hour,  
We lean upon the Lord.

3 The ev'ning rests our weary head,  
And angels guard the room ;  
We wake, and we admire the bed  
That was not made our tomb.

4 The rising morning can't assure  
That we shall end the day ;  
For death stands ready at the door  
To take our lives away.

5 Our breath is forfeited by sin  
To God's avenging law ;  
We own thy grace, immortal King,  
In ev'ry grasp we draw.

6 God is our sun, whose daily light  
Our joy and safety brings ;  
Our feeble flesh lies safe at night  
Beneath his shady wings.

## HYMN 76.

1 **T**O God be glory, peace on earth,  
Good-will to mortals shewn !  
We praise, we bless, we glorify,  
We worship Thee alone.

2 We thank Thee for thy glorious grace,  
That fills our souls with light:  
Lord God ! the King of heaven ! the God  
And Father of all might !

3 And Thou, beloved Son of God !  
That tak'st our sins away,  
Have mercy, Saviour of mankind !  
And hear us when we pray.

4 Thou, who dost sit at God's right hand,  
 Upon the Father's throne,  
 Have mercy, mercy on us, Lord !  
 Who art the Holy One.

5 Thou with the Holy Ghost, O Christ !  
 Whom heaven and earth adore,  
 High in the Father's glory art,  
 Most High for evermore.

## HYMN 77.

1 **I** Sing my Saviour's wond'rous death ;  
 He conquer'd when he fell ;  
 " 'Tis finish'd," (said his dying breath,)  
 And shook the gates of hell.

2 " 'Tis finish'd" our Immanuel cries,  
 " Th' important work is done :"  
 Hence shall his sov'reign throne arise—  
 His kingdom is begun.

3 His cross a sure foundation laid  
 For glory and renown,  
 When thro' the regions of the dead,  
 He pass'd, to reach the crown.

4 Exalted at his Father's side  
 Sits our victorious Lord ;  
 To heav'n and hell his hands divide  
 The vengeance or reward.

5 The saints from his propitious eye  
 Await their sev'ral crowns ;

And all the sons of darkness fly  
The terror of his frowns.

## HYMN 78.

- 1 **A**ND art thou with us, gracious Lord,  
To dissipate our fear?  
Dost thou proclaim thyself our God,  
Our God for ever near?
- 2 Doth thy right hand, which form'd the earth,  
And bears up all the skies,  
Stretch from on high its friendly aid,  
When dangers round us rise?
- 3 Dost thou a father's bowels feel  
For all thy humble saints!  
And in such tender accents speak  
To sooth their sad complaints?
- 4 On this support my soul shall lean,  
And banish ev'ry care;  
The gloomy vale of death must smile,  
If God be with me there.
- 5 While I his gracious succour prove  
'Midst all my various ways,  
The darkest shades, thro' which I pass,  
Shall echo with his praise.

## HYMN 79.

- 1 **L**ORD of the sabbath, hear our vows,  
On this thy day, in this thine house;  
Accept as grateful sacrifice,  
The songs which from thy servants rise.

2 Thy sacred sabbaths, Lord, we love ;  
But there's a nobler rest above ;  
To that our lab'ring souls aspire  
With ardent pangs of strong desire.

3 No more fatigue, no more distress,  
Nor sin, nor hell, shall reach the place ;  
No groans to mingle with the songs  
Resounding from immortal tongues.

4 No rude alarms of raging foes ;  
No cares to break the long repose ;  
No midnight shade, no clouded sun,  
But sacred, high, eternal noon.

5 O long expected day ! begin :  
Dawn on these realms of woe and sin :  
Fain would we leave this weary road,  
And sleep in death, to rest with God.

## HYMN 80.

1 **N**OW may the sweet celestial dove  
His special aid to us impart !  
And seal the words of truth and love,  
On ev'ry drooping troubl'd heart !

2 With solemn awe, with holy fear,  
May we attend the Eternal's word ;  
And while his gospel news we hear,  
Prove it the power of the Lord.

3 O come, immortal Spirit come,  
Chace ign'rance from our mental eyes ;

Come, seal divine instruction home,  
And make our souls divinely wise.

4 Reveal Emmanuel's glory here,  
Let each his beauties now behold ;  
Now in his word may he appear  
More precious than the choicest gold !

5 Thus, holy spirit of all grace,  
Give us to feel, and taste, and know  
The pleasures of thy dwelling place,  
Thy tabernacles here below !

## HYMN 81.

1 O God, how endless is thy love,  
Thy gifts are ev'ry ev'ning new ;  
And morning mercies from above  
Gently distil like early dew.

2 Thou spread'st the curtain of the night,  
Great guardian of our sleeping hours ;  
Thy sov'reign word restores the light,  
And quickens all our drowsy pow'rs.

3 We yield our pow'rs to thy command,  
To thee we consecrate our days :  
Perpetual blessings from thine hand,  
Demand perpetual songs of praise.

4 Praise God from whom all blessings flow,  
Praise him all creatures here below ;  
Praise him above ye angelic host,  
Praise Father, Son, and Holy-Ghost.

## HYMN 82.

1 **PRAISE** ye the Lord! 'tis good to raise  
Your hearts and voices in his praise;  
His nature and his works invite,  
To make his duty our delight.

2 He form'd the stars, those heav'nly flames;  
He counts their numbers, calls their names;  
His wisdom's vast, and knows no bound,  
A deep, where all our thoughts are drown'd.

3 Sing to the Lord; exalt him high,  
Who spreads his clouds above the sky;  
There he prepares the fruitful rain,  
Nor lets the drops descend in vain.

4 He makes the grass the hills adorn,  
And clothes the smiling fields with corn:  
The beasts with food his hands supply,  
And the young ravens, when they cry.

5 What is the creature's skill or force,  
The sprightly man, or warlike horse?  
The piercing wit, the active limb  
All are too mean delights for him.

6 But saints are lovely in his sight;  
He views his children with delight!  
He sees their hope, he knows their fear;  
And looks, and loves his image there.

## HYMN 83.

1 **SWEET** is the work, my God, my King,  
To praise thy name, give thanks and sing,  
E 3



To shew thy love by morning light,  
And talk of all thy truth at night.

2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest—  
No mortal care shall seize my breast ;  
O may my heart in tune be found,  
Like David's harp of solemn sound !

3 My heart shall triumph in my Lord,  
And bless his works, and bless his word :  
Thy works of grace, how bright they shine !  
How deep thy counsels ! how divine !

4 Fools never raise their thoughts so high ;  
Like brutes they live, like brutes they die ;  
Like grass they flourish, till thy breath  
Blasts them in everlasting death.

5 But I shall share a glorious part,  
When grace hath well refin'd my heart,  
And fresh supplies of joy are shed,  
Like holy oil, to cheer my head.

6 Sin (my worst enemy before)  
Shall vex my eyes and ears no more :  
My inward foes shall all be slain,  
Nor Satan break my peace again.

7 Then shall I see, and hear, and know,  
All I desir'd or wish'd below ;  
And ev'ry pow'r find sweet employ  
In that eternal world of joy.

## HYMN 84.

- 1 **T**HUS far the Lord has led me on,  
Thus far his pow'r prolongs my days,  
And ev'ry ev'ning shall make known  
Some fresh memorial of his grace,
- 2 Much of my time has run to waste,  
And I perhaps am near my home ;  
But he forgives my follies past,  
He gives me strength for days to come.
- 3 I lay my body down to sleep,  
Peace is the pillow for my head ;  
While well-appointed angels keep  
Their watchful stations round my bed.
- 4 In vain the sons of earth or hell  
Tell me a thousand frightful things ;  
My God in safety makes me dwell  
Beneath the shadow of his wings.
- 5 Faith in his name forbids my fear ;  
O may thy presence ne'er depart !  
And in the morning make me hear  
The loving-kindness of thy heart.
- 6 Thus when the night of death shall come,  
My flesh shall rest beneath the ground,  
And wait thy voice to rouse my tomb,  
With sweet salvation in the sound.

## HYMN 85.

- 1 **W**HEN we can view our prospect clear  
To mansions in the skies,

We bid farewell to every fear,  
And dry our weeping eyes.

2 Should earth against our souls engage,  
And fiery darts be hurl'd,  
We then can smile at all their rage,  
And face a frowning world.

3 Let cares, like a wild deluge, come,  
And storms of sorrow fall,  
May we but safely reach our home,  
Our God ! our Heaven ! our All !

4 There shall we stay our weary souls  
In scenes of changeless rest ;  
Where not a wave of trouble rolls  
Across the peaceful breast.

### HYMN 86.

1 **G**OD of my life, thy constant care  
With blessings crowns the op'ning year ;  
This guilty life dost thou prolong,  
And wake anew my annual song.

2 How many precious souls are fled  
To the vast regions of the dead,  
Since from this day, the changing sun,  
Thro' his last yearly period run.

3 We yet survive—but who can say,  
Or thro' the year, or month, or day,  
I will retain this vital breath ;  
Thus far at least in league with death ?

4 That breath is thine, eternal God ;  
'Tis thine to fix my soul's abode ;  
It holds its life from thee alone,  
On earth, or in the world unknown.

5 To thee our spirits we resign,  
Make them, and own them still as thine ;  
So shall they smile, secure from fear,  
Tho' death should blast the rising year.

6 Thy children, eager to be gone,  
Bid time's impetuous tide roll on,  
And land them on the blooming shore,  
Where years and death are known no more.

## HYMN 87.

1 **H**E reigns; the Lord, the Saviour reigns,  
Praise him in evangelic strains ;  
Let the whole earth in songs rejoice,  
And distant islands join their voice.

2 Deep are his counsels, and unknown ;  
But grace and truth support his throne :  
Tho' gloomy clouds his way surround,  
Justice is their eternal ground.

3 In robes of judgment, lo ! he comes,  
Shakes the wide earth, and cleaves the tombs :  
Before him burns devouring fire,  
The mountains melt, the seas retire.

4 His enemies with sore dismay,  
Fly from the sight, and shun the day ;

Then lift your heads, ye saints, on high,  
And sing, for your redemption's nigh.

## HYMN 88.

- 1 **D**READ Jehovah ! God of nations !  
From thy temple in the skies,  
Hear thy people's supplications,  
Now for their deliverance rise.  
Lo ! with deep contrition turning,  
Humbly at thy feet we bend ;  
Fasting, praying, weeping, mourning,  
Hear us, spare us, and defend.
- 2 Though our sins, our hearts confounding,  
Long and loud for vengeance call,  
Thou hast mercy more abounding ;  
Jesus' blood can cleanse them all ;  
Let that mercy veil transgression,  
Let that blood our guilt efface ;  
Save thy people from oppression,  
Save from spoil thy holy place.
- 3 Hear, O God, the vows we render ;  
With our hosts to battle go ;  
Shield the head of each defender,  
And confound the haughty foe ;  
So, when ceased the battle's raging,  
Thine shall be the victor's praise :  
And, in holy bonds engaging,  
We will serve Thee all our days.

## HYMN 89.

- 1 **F**ROM all that dwell below the skies,  
Let the Redeemer's name be sung ;

Let the Creator's praise arise,  
Thro' ev'ry land, by ev'ry tongue,  
Hallelujah ! Thro' ev'ry land, &c.

2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord,  
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore;  
Eternal truth attends thy word,  
'Till suns shall rise and set no more.  
Hallelujah ! Till suns shall rise, &c.

3 Your lofty themes, ye mortals bring,  
The great salvation loud proclaim,  
In songs of praise divinely sing,  
And shout for joy the Saviour's name.  
Hallelujah ! And shout for joy, &c.

4 In ev'ry land begin the song ;  
In cheerful sounds all voices raise :  
In ev'ry land the strains prolong,  
To fill the world with loudest praise.  
Hallelujah ! To fill the world, &c.

## HYMN 90.

1 **T**O God, the mighty Lord,  
Your joyful thanks repeat :  
To him due praise afford,  
As he is good and great :  
For God does prove  
Our constant friend,  
His boundless love  
Shall never end.

2 To him whose wond'rous pow'r  
 All other gods obey,  
 Whom earthly kings adore,  
 This grateful homage pay ;  
 For God does prove  
 Our constant friend,  
 His boundless love  
 Shall never end.

3 Thro' heav'n he did display  
 His num'rous hosts of light ;  
 The sun to rule by day,  
 The moon and stars by night :  
 For God does prove  
 Our constant friend,  
 His boundless love  
 Shall never end.

4 He does the food supply,  
 On which all creatures live :  
 To God who reigns on high,  
 Eternal praises give:  
 For God does prove  
 Our constant friend,  
 His boundless love  
 Shall never end.

## HYMN 91.

1 SINNERS, lift up your hearts,  
 The *promise* to receive  
 Jesus himself imparts—  
 He comes in man to live ;

The Holy Ghost to man is given ;  
Rejoice in God sent down from heaven.

2 Jesus is glorified,  
And gives the Comforter,  
His Spirit to reside  
In all his members here :  
The Holy Ghost to man is given ;  
Rejoice in God sent down from heaven.

3 To make an end of sin,  
And satan's work destroy,  
He brings his kingdom in,  
Peace, righteousness and joy :  
The Holy Ghost to man is given ;  
Rejoice in God sent down from heaven.

4 Sent down to make us meet,  
To see his glorious face,  
And grant us each a seat  
In that thrice happy place :  
The Holy Ghost to man is given ;  
Rejoice in God sent down from heaven.

5 From heaven he shall once more  
Triumphantly descend,  
And all his saints restore  
To joys that never end ;  
Then, then, when all our joys are given,  
Rejoice in God, rejoice in heaven.

## HYMN 92.

1 **T**HE Lord Jehovah reigns,  
His throne is built on high,



The garments he assumes  
 Are light and majesty :  
 His glories shine with beams so bright,  
 No mortal eye can bear the sight.

2 The thunders of his hand  
 Keep the wide world in awe ;  
 His wrath and justice stand  
 To guard his holy law ;  
 And where his love resolves to bless,  
 His truth confirms and seals the grace.

3 Thro' all his mighty works  
 Amazing wisdom shines,  
 Confounds the pow'rs of hell,  
 And breaks their dark designs :  
 Strong is his arm, and shall fulfil  
 His great decrees and sov'reign will.

4 And can this sov'reign King  
 Of glory condescend,  
 And will he write his name,  
 My father and my friend ?  
 I love his name, I love his word ;  
 Join, all my pow'rs, to praise the Lord.

## HYMN 93.

1 JESUS, Lord, we look to thee,  
 Let us in thy name agree ;  
 Shew thyself the prince of peace ;  
 Bid our jars for ever cease.

2 By thy reconciling love,  
 Every stumbling-block remove:

Each to each unite, endear,  
Come and spread thy banner here !

3 Make us of one heart and mind,  
Court'ous, pitiful, and kind ;  
Lowly, meek in thought and word,  
Altogether like our Lord.

4 Let us each for other care,  
Each the other's burden bear ;  
To the church the pattern give,  
Shew how true believers live.

5 Free from anger, and from pride,  
Let us thus in God abide ;  
All the depths of love express !  
All the heights of holiness.

6 Let us then with joy remove  
To the family above :  
On the wings of angels fly ;  
Shew how true believers die.

## HYMN 94.

1 **P**RAISE the Saviour, all ye nations,  
Praise him, all ye hosts above ;  
Shout, with joyful acclamations,  
His divine victorious love ;  
Hallelujah !  
Hail ! ' all hail ! your Saviour's love !

2 Hark ! the voice of Love and Mercy  
Sounds aloud from Calvary !  
See ! it rends the rocks asunder,

Shakes the earth and veils the sky !

“ It is finish'd ! ”

Hear the dying Saviour cry !

3 Finish'd is our great salvation,

Finish'd is the work divine,

O, on every land or nation,

May its radiant glories shine ;

Let the Gospel

Loud resound from clime to clime.

4 Thanks we give and adoration,

For thy Gospel's joyful sound,

May the fruits of thy salvation,

In our hearts and lives abound :

May thy presence

With us ever more be found.

5 And whene'er the signal's given

Us to call from earth away ;

Borne on Angels' wings to heaven,

Glad to leave our cumbrous clay,

May we joyful

Hear the blessed Saviour say,

6 “ Come ye blessed of my Father,

“ Enter into life and joy ;

“ Banish all your fears and sorrows,

“ Endless praise be your employ.”

Hallelujah.

Boundless glory to the Lamb !

## HYMN 95.

- 1 **F**ROM Calvary's cross, a fountain flows  
Of water and of blood,  
More healing than Bethesda's pool,  
Or famed Siloam's flood.
- 2 The dying thief rejoiced to see  
That fountain in his day ;  
And there may sinners vile as he  
Wash all their guilt away.
- 3 Ne'er shall that fountain's sacred stream  
Loose its all-cleansing power,  
Till the whole ransom'd Church of God  
Be saved, to sin no more.
- 4 Jesus ! the virtue of thy blood  
To all our souls apply ;  
Grant that to Thee we henceforth live,  
Grant that to sin we die :—
- 5 Till spotless placed at thy right hand,  
Safe in the realms above,  
We cast our crowns before thy throne,  
And sing thy boundless love.

## HYMN 96.

- 1 **T**HE Lord is risen indeed,  
And bids his members rise !  
Ye saints, by Jesus freed,  
Pursue him to the skies :  
This is the day the Lord hath made ;  
Rejoice, and be for ever glad.

F

2 On this triumphant day  
Peculiarly his own,  
He calls his church to pray,  
And sing around his throne ;  
To vie with the redeem'd above,  
Rejoicing in his pardoning love.

3 Jesus, to us impart,  
Thy resurrection's power,  
And teach our quicken'd heart  
Its loving Lord t' adore,  
To vie with the redeem'd above,  
Rejoicing in thy pardoning love.

4 Us by thy peace assure  
Thou dost our sins forgive,  
And then our spirits pure  
Unto thyself receive,  
To keep the day of rest above,  
Rejoicing in thy heavenly love.

## HYMN 97.

1 YE tribes of Adam, join  
With earth and heav'n and seas,  
And offer notes divine  
To your Creator's praise.  
Ye holy throng  
Of Angels bright,  
In worlds of light  
Begin the song.

2 Thou sun with dazzling rays,  
And moon that rules the night,

Shine to your Maker's praise,  
With stars of twinkling light.

His pow'r declare,  
Ye floods on high,  
And clouds that fly  
In empty air.

3 The shining worlds above  
In glorious order stand,  
Or in swift courses move  
By his supreme command.

He spake the word,  
And all their frame  
From nothing came,  
To praise the Lord.

4 He mov'd their mighty wheels  
In unknown ages past :  
And each his word fulfils  
While time and nature last.

In diff'rent ways  
His works proclaim  
His wond'rous name.  
And speak his praise.

5 Let all the earth-born race,  
And monsters of the deep,  
The fish that cleave the seas,  
Or in their bosom sleep ;

From sea and shore  
Their tribute pay,  
And still display  
Their Maker's pow'r.

6 Ye vapours, hail and snow,  
Praise ye th' Almighty Lord,  
And stormy winds that blow,  
To execute his word.

When lightnings shine,  
Or thunders roar,  
Let earth adore  
His hand divine.

## HYMN 98.

1 O God of Bethel ! by whose hand  
Thy people still are fed ;  
Who through this weary pilgrimage  
Hast all our fathers led.

2 Our vows, our prayers, we now present  
Before thy throne of grace :  
God of our fathers ! be the God  
Of their succeeding race.

3 Through each perplexing path of life  
Our wandering footsteps guide ;  
Give us each day our daily bread,  
And raiment fit provide.

4 O, spread thy covering wings around,  
Till all our wanderings cease,  
And at our Father's loved abode,  
Our souls arrive in peace.

5 Such blessings from thy gracious hand,  
Our humble prayers implore ;  
And Thou shalt be our chosen God,  
And portion evermore.

## HYMN 99.

1 **L**ESS than the least of all  
 Thy mercies, Lord, are we;  
 Yet, for the greatest we may call,  
 The greatest are most free.

2 Thy Son Thou didst not spare,  
 Yet us thou sparest still;  
 Him didst Thou send our guilt to bear,  
 Our righteousness fulfil.

3 For such amazing grace,  
 What can poor sinners give?  
 At thy command, we seek thy face;  
 We meet our Judge and live.

4 The world we would forsake,  
 Our all to thee resign;  
 O save us for thy mercies' sake!  
 O save us,—we are thine!

5 Meanwhile, as pilgrims here,  
 Who seek our home above,  
 Thee may we serve with holy fear,  
 And love with child-like love.

## HYMN 100.

1 **L**ORD, I am thine; but Thou wilt prove  
 My faith, my patience, and my love;  
 When men of spite against me join,  
 They are the sword, the hand is thine.

2 Their hope and portion lie below,  
 'Tis all the happiness they know,



'Tis all they seek ; they take their shares ;  
And leave the rest among their heirs.

3 What sinners value, I resign ;  
Lord, 'tis enough that Thou art mine ;  
I shall behold thy blissful face,  
And stand complete in righteousness.

4 This life's a dream, an empty show ;  
But the bright world to which I go  
Hath joys substantial and sincere :  
When shall I wake, and find me there ?

5 O glorious hour ! O bless'd abode !  
I shall be near and like my God !  
And flesh and sin no more control  
The sacred pleasures of the soul.

6 My flesh shall slumber in the ground,  
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound ;  
Their burst the chains with sweet surprise,  
And in my saviour's image rise.

### HYMN 101.

1 **F**ATHER of peace, and God of love !  
We own thy power to save,  
That power by which our Shepherd rose  
Victorious o'er the grave.

2 Him from the dead Thou brought'st again,  
When, by his sacred blood,  
Confirm'd and seal'd for evermore,  
The eternal covenant stood.

3 O may thy Spirit seal our souls,  
And mould them to thy will,  
That our weak hearts no more may stray,  
But keep thy precepts still ;

4 That to perfection's sacred height,  
We nearer still may rise ;  
And all we think, and all we do,  
Be pleasing in thine eyes !

## HYMN 102.

1 BLESS'D be the everlasting God,  
The Father of our Lord !  
Be his abounding mercy praised,  
His Majesty adored !

2 When from the dead he raised his Son,  
And call'd Him to the sky,  
He gave our souls a lively hope,  
That they should never die.

3 To an inheritance divine,  
He taught our hearts to rise ;  
• 'Tis uncorrupted, undefiled,  
Unfading, in the skies.

4 Saints by the power of God are kept  
Till the salvation come :  
We walk by faith, as stranger's here,  
But Christ shall call his home.

## HYMN 103.

1 BEHOLD, what wondrous grace  
The Father hath bestow'd

- On sinners of a mortal race,  
To call them sons of God !
- 2 'Tis no surprising thing,  
That we should be unknown ;  
The Jewish world knew not their King,  
God's everlasting Son.
- 3 Nor doth it yet appear  
How great we must be made ;  
But when we see our Saviour here,  
We shall be like our Head.
- 4 A hope so much divine  
May trials well endure,  
May purge our souls from sense and sin,  
As Christ the Lord is pure.
- 5 If in my Father's love  
I share a filial part,  
Send down thy Spirit, like a dove,  
To rest upon my heart.
- 6 We would no longer lie  
Like slaves beneath the throne ;  
My faith shall Abba, Father, cry,  
And Thou the kindred own.

## HYMN 104.

- 1 **T**O God the only wise,  
Our Saviour, and our King,  
Let all the saints below the skies  
Their humble praises bring.

2 'Tis his Almighty love,  
His counsel, and his care,  
Preserves us safe from sin and death,  
And every hurtful snare.

3 He will present our souls,  
Unblemish'd and complete,  
Before the glory of his face,  
With joys divinely great.

4 Then all the chosen seed  
Shall meet around the throne,  
Shall bless the conduct of his grace,  
And make his wonders known.

5 To our Redeemer, God,  
Wisdom and power belongs,  
Immortal crowns of majesty,  
And everlasting songs.

## HYMN 105.

1 **F**ATHER of mercies, in thy word  
What endless glory shines !  
For ever be thy name adored,  
For these celestial lines.

2 Here may the wretched sons of want  
Exhaustless riches find ;  
Riches, above what earth can grant,  
And lasting as the mind.

3 Here the Redeemer's welcome voice  
Spreads heavenly peace around ;

And life, and everlasting joys,  
Attend the blissful sound.

4 O may these heavenly pages be  
My ever dear delight ;  
And still new beauties may I see,  
And still increasing light !

5 Divine Instructor, gracious Lord,  
Be Thou for ever near !  
Teach me to love thy sacred word,  
And view my Saviour there.

## HYMN 106.

1 MY dear Redeemer and my Lord,  
I read my duty in thy word ;  
But in thy life the law appears  
Drawn out in living characters.

2 Such was thy truth, and such thy zeal,  
Such deference to thy Father's will,  
Such love, and meekness so divine,  
I would transcribe and make them mine.

3 Cold mountains, and the midnight air,  
Witness'd the fervour of thy prayer ;  
The desert thy temptations knew,  
Thy conflict and thy victory too.

4 Be thou my pattern ; make me bear  
More of thy gracious image here :  
Then God the Judge shall own my name  
Amongst the followers of the Lamb.

## HYMN 107.

- 1 **H**OW swift the torrent rolls,  
That hastens to the sea ;  
How strong the tide that bears our souls  
On—to eternity !
- 2 Our fathers, where are they ?  
With all they call'd their own ;  
Their joys and griefs, and hopes and cares,  
And wealth and honour, gone !
- 3 There, where the fathers lie,  
Must all the children dwell ;  
Nor other heritage possess,  
But such a gloomy cell.
- 4 God of our fathers, hear,  
Thou everlasting Friend !  
While we, on life's extremest verge,  
Our souls to Thee commend.
- 5 Of all the pious dead  
May we the footsteps trace,  
Till with them in the land of light  
We dwell before thy face.

## HYMN 108.

- 1 **A**LMIGHTY Father of mankind,  
On Thee my hopes remain ;  
And when the day of trouble comes,  
I shall not trust in vain.

- 2 In early years Thou wast my guide,  
And of my youth the friend ;  
And as my days began with Thee,  
With Thee my days shall end.
- 3 I know the power in whom I trust,  
The arm on which I lean ;  
He will my Saviour ever be,  
Who has my Saviour been.
- 4 My God ! who caused'st me to hope,  
When life began to beat ;  
And when a stranger in the world,  
Didst guide my wandering feet.
- 5 Thou wilt not cast me off, when age  
And evil days descend ;  
Thou wilt not leave me in despair,  
To mourn my latter end.
- 6 Therefore, in life I'll trust to Thee,  
In death I will adore ;  
And after death will sing thy praise,  
When time shall be no more.

## HYMN 109.

- 1 **A** WAKE, and sing the song  
Of Moses and the Lamb !  
Wake every heart, and every tongue ;  
To praise the Saviour's name !
- 2 Sing of his dying love,  
Sing of his rising power :

Sing how He intercedes above,  
For us whose sins He bore.

3 Ye pilgrims on the road  
To Zion's city, sing !  
Rejoice ye in the Lamb of God,  
In Christ the' eternal King !

4 Soon shall we hear him say,  
" Ye blessed children, come !"  
Soon will He call us hence away,  
To our eternal home.

5 There shall our raptured tongue  
His endless praise proclaim ;  
And sweeter voices tune the song  
Of Moses and the Lamb !

## HYMN 110.

1 **O**UR heavenly Father, here  
The prayer we offer now :  
Thy name be hallow'd far and near,  
To Thee all nations bow ;  
Thy kingdom come ; thy will  
On earth be done in love,  
As saints and seraphim fulfil  
Thy perfect law above.

2 Our daily bread supply,  
While by thy word we live ;  
The guilt of our iniquity  
Forgive, as we forgive :



From dark temptation's power,  
From Satan's wiles defend ;  
Deliver in the evil hour,  
And guide us to the end.

3 Thine, then, for ever be  
Glory and power divine ;  
The sceptre, throne, and majesty  
Of heaven and earth are thine.  
—Thus humbly taught to pray  
By thy beloved Son,  
Through Him, we come to Thee, and say,  
All for His sake be done.

## HYMN 111.

1 COME holy Spirit, heav'nly Dove,  
With all thy quick'ning pow'rs ;  
Kindle a flame of sacred love  
In these cold hearts of ours.

2 Look how we grovel here below,  
Fond of these trifling toys ;  
Our souls can neither fly nor go,  
To reach eternal joys.

3 In vain we tune our formal songs,  
In vain we strive to rise ;  
Hosannas languish on our tongues,  
And our devotion dies.

4 Dear Lord ! and shall we ever live,  
At this poor dying rate ;  
Our love so faint, so cold to thee,  
And thine to us so great ?

- 5 Come, holy Spirit, heav'nly Dove,  
 With all thy quick'ning pow'rs ;  
 Come shed abroad a Saviour's love,  
 And that shall kindle ours.

## HYMN 112.

- 1 **W**ELCOME sweet day of rest,  
 That saw the Lord arise ;  
 Welcome to this reviving breast,  
 And these rejoicing eyes.  
 Praise ye the Lord. Hallelujah !
- 2 The King himself comes near,  
 And feasts his saints to day ;  
 Here we may sit and see him here,  
 And love, and praise, and pray.  
 Praise ye the Lord. Hallelujah !
- 3 One day amidst the place,  
 Where our dear Lord hath been,  
 Is sweeter than ten thousand days,  
 Of pleasureable sin.  
 Praise ye the Lord. Hallelujah !
- 4 My willing soul would stay  
 In such a frame as this ;  
 And sit and sing herself away,  
 To everlasting bliss.  
 Praise ye the Lord Hallelujah !

## HYMN 113.

- 1 **L**ONG have we heard the joyful sound  
 Of thy salvation, Lord !

Yet still how weak our faith is found,  
How slow to learn thy word !

2 Oft we frequent thy holy place,  
Yet hear almost in vain ;  
Such faint impressions of thy grace,  
Our languid powers retain.

3 How cold and feeble is our love !  
How negligent our fear ;  
How low our hopes of joys above ;  
How few affections there !

4 Great God ! thy sovereign aid impart,  
To give thy word success ;  
Write all its precepts on our heart,  
And deep its truths impress.

5 Oh ! speed our progress in the way  
That leads to joys on high ;  
Where knowledge grows without decay,  
And love shall never die.

#### HYMN 114.

1 **H**EAR, Lord, the song of praise and prayer,  
In heaven thy dwelling-place,  
From children made the public care,  
And taught to seek thy face.

2 Thanks for thy word, and for thy day !  
And grant us, we implore,  
Never to waste, in sinful play,  
Thy holy sabbaths more.

3 Thanks that we hear : but oh ! impart  
 To each desires sincere,  
 That we may listen with the heart,  
 And *learn* as well as *hear*.

4 O Lord ! do Thou our spirits take  
 Beneath thy gracious sway,  
 Who canst the wisest wiser make,  
 And babes as wise as they.

5 Wisdom and bliss thy word bestows,  
 A sun that ne'er declines ;  
 And be thy mercy shower'd on those,  
 Who placed us, where it shines.

## HYMN 115.

1 GREAT God ! this sacred day of thine  
 Demands the soul's collected powers ;  
 Gladly may we to Thee resign  
 These solemn, consecrated hours ;  
 Now may our souls, adoring, own  
 The grace, that calls us to thy throne.

2 Hence ye vain cares and trifles, fly !  
 Where God resides, disturb no more :  
 All-seeing God ! thy piercing eye  
 Can every secret thought explore :  
 Oh ! may thy grace our bosoms move,  
 And fix our thoughts on things above.

3 Thy Spirit's powerful aid impart,  
 And bid thy word, with life divine,  
 Engage the ear and warm the heart ;

Then shall the day indeed be thine ;  
Then shall our souls, adoring own  
The grace, that calls us to thy throne.

## HYMN 116.

1 **G**LORIOUS things of Thee are spoken,  
Zion, City of our God !  
He, whose word can ne'er be broken,  
Form'd thee for his own abode :  
On the rock of ages founded,  
What can shake thy sure repose ?  
With salvation's walls surrounded,  
'Thou art safe from all thy foes.

2 Here the stream of living waters,  
Springing from eternal love,  
Flows to cheer thy sons and daughters,  
And all dread of want remove :  
None can faint, where such a river  
Freely pours, their thirst t'assuage,  
Blessings which, like God, the Giver,  
Never fail from age to age.

3 Saviour ! if in Zion's city  
Thou record our worthless name,  
Let the world deride or pity,  
We may well endure the shame ;  
Fading is the sinner's pleasure,  
All his boasted pomp and shew :  
Solid joy and lasting treasure,  
None but Zion's children know.

## HYMN 117.

- 1 **T**HROUGH all the changing scenes of life,  
In trouble and in joy,  
Still shall the praises of my God,  
My heart and tongue employ.
- 2 Of his deliverance I will boast,  
Till all that are distress'd,  
From my example comfort take,  
And soothe their griefs to rest.
- 3 Come magnify the Lord with me ;  
With me exalt his name ;  
When in distress to Him I call'd,  
He to my rescue came.
- 4 Oh ! make but trial of his love :  
Experience will decide,  
How bless'd are they, and only they,  
Who in his truth confide.
- 5 Fear Him, ye saints, and ye will then  
Have nothing else to fear ;  
Make ye his service your delight,  
He'll make your wants his care.

## HYMN 118.

- 1 **R**EJOICE ! the Lord is King !  
Your God and King adore :  
Loud hallelujahs sing,  
And triumph evermore :  
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice ;  
Rejoice, ye saints of God, rejoice !

- 2 The mighty Saviour reigns ;  
 The God of power and love ;  
 Who, having purged our sins,  
 Rose to his throne above :  
 Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice ;  
 Rejoice ! ye saints of God, rejoice !
- 3 His kingdom cannot fail ;  
 He rules o'er earth and heaven :  
 The keys of death and hell  
 Into his hands are given :  
 Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice ;  
 Rejoice ! ye saints of God, rejoice !
- 4 Rejoice in glorious hope  
 The Saviour soon will come,  
 And take his servants up  
 To their eternal home :  
 We soon shall hear the' archangel's voice ;  
 The trump of God shall sound, " Rejoice !"

## HYMN 119.

- 1 **H**APPY the heart where graces reign,  
 Where love inspires the breast :  
 Love is the brightest of the train,  
 And strengthens all the rest.
- 3 Knowledge, alas ! 'tis all in vain,  
 And all in vain our fear ;  
 Our stubborn sins will fight and reign,  
 If love be absent there.
- 3 'Tis love, that makes our cheerful feet  
 In swift obedience move ;

The devils know, and tremble too ;  
But Satan cannot love.

4 This is the grace that lives and sings,  
When faith and hope shall cease :  
'Tis this shall strike our joyful strings  
In the sweet realms of bliss.

5 Before we quite forsake our clay,  
Or leave this dark abode,  
The wings of love bear us away  
To see our smiling God.

## HYMN 120.

1 SO let our lips and lives express  
The holy gospel we profess ;  
So let our works and virtues shine,  
To prove the doctrine all divine.

2 Thus shall we best proclaim abroad  
The honours of our Saviour God :  
When the salvation reigns within,  
And grace subdues the pow'r of sin.

3 Our flesh and sense must be deny'd,  
Passion and envy, lust, and pride ;  
While justice, temp'rance, truth, and love,  
Our inward piety approve.

4 Religion bears our spirits up,  
While we expect that blessed hope,  
The bright appearance of the Lord,  
And faith stands leaning on his word.



## HYMN 121.

1 **W**ITH joy we meditate the grace  
Of our High Priest above ;  
His heart is made of tenderness,  
His bowels melt with love.

2 Touch'd with a sympathy within  
He knows our feeble frame ;  
He knows what sore temptations mean,  
For he has felt the same.

3 But spotless, innocent, and pure  
The great Redeemer stood,  
While Satan's fiery darts he bore,  
And did resist to blood.

4 He in the days of feeble flesh  
Pour'd out his cries and tears,  
And in his measure feels afresh  
What ev'ry member bears.

5 Then let our humble faith address  
His mercy and his power,  
We shall obtain delivering grace  
In the distressing hour.

## HYMN 122.

1 **F**ROM Greenland's icy mountains,  
From India's coral strand,  
Where Afric's sunny fountains  
Roll down their golden sand ;

From many an ancient river,  
 From many a palmy plain,—  
 They call us to deliver  
 Their land from error's chain.

2 Shall we, whose souls are lighted  
 With wisdom from on high,  
 Shall we to men benighted  
 The lamp of light deny?  
 Salvation! O salvation!  
 The joyful sound proclaim,  
 'Till each remotest nation  
 Has learn'd Messiah's name.

3 Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,  
 And you, ye waters, roll,  
 'Till, like a sea of glory,  
 It spreads from pole to pole;  
 'Till o'er our ransom'd nature  
 The Lamb for sinners slain,  
 Redeemer, King, Creator,  
 In bliss returns to reign.

## HYMN 123.

1 COME, Holy Spirit, from above!  
 Assist me with Thy heav'nly grace;  
 Empty my heart of earthly love,  
 And for Thyself prepare the place.

2 O let Thy sacred presence fill,  
 And set my longing spirit free,

Which pants to have no other will,  
But day and night to feast on Thee !

3 That path with humble speed I'll seek,  
In which my Saviour's footsteps shine ;  
Nor will I hear, nor will I speak  
Of any other love but Thine.

4 Henceforth may no profane delight  
Divide this consecrated soul ;  
Possess it Thou, who hast the right,  
AS LORD and Master of the whole.

5 Nothing on earth do I desire  
But thy pure love within my breast ;  
This, only this, will I require,  
And freely give up all the rest.

## HYMN 124.

1 **A** WAKE, our souls, away, our fears,  
Let ev'ry trembling thought be gone,  
Awake, and run the heav'nly race,  
And put a cheerful courage on.

2 True, 'tis a strait and thorny road,  
And mortal spirits tire and faint;  
But they forget the mighty God  
That feeds the strength of ev'ry saint.

3 The mighty God, whose matchless pow'r  
Is ever new, and ever young,  
And firm endures, while endless years  
Their everlasting circles run.

4 From thee, the overflowing spring,  
Our souls shall drink a fresh supply :  
While such, as trust their native strength  
Shall melt away, and drop, and die.

5 Swift as an eagle cuts the sky,  
We'll mount aloft to thine abode :  
On wings of love our souls shall fly,  
Nor tire amidst the heav'nly road.

## HYMN 125.

1 **H**OW beauteous are their feet  
Who stands on Zion's hill !  
Who bring salvation on their tongues,  
And words of peace reveal !

2 How charming is their voice ;  
How sweet the tidings are !  
" Zion, behold thy Saviour King,  
" He reigns and triumphs here."

3 How happy are our ears  
To hear this joyful sound,  
Which kings and prophets waited for  
And sought, but never found.

4 How blessed are our eyes  
That see this heav'nly light ;  
Prophets and kings desir'd it long,  
But dy'd without the sight.

5 The watchmen join their voice,  
And tuneful notes employ ;

Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,  
And deserts learn the joy.

6 The Lord makes bare his arm  
Thro' all the earth abroad :  
Let ev'ry nation now behold  
Their Saviour and their God.

## HYMN 126.

1 **O**UR God is love : and all his saints  
His image bear below ;  
The heart, with love to God inspired,  
With love to man will glow.

2 O may we love each other, Lord !  
As we are loved of Thee :  
For none are truly born of God,  
Who live in enmity.

3 Heirs of the same immortal bliss,  
Our hopes and fears the same,  
The cords of love our hearts should bind,  
The law of love inflame.

4 So shall the vain contentious world  
Our peaceful lives approve,  
And wondering say, as they of old,  
"See how these Christians love."

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END OF THE HYMNS.

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# ANTHEMS.

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## ANTHEM FIRST.

**H**EAR my prayer, O God ! and hide not thyself from my petition.

Take heed unto me, and hear me, how I mourn in my prayer, and am vexed. My heart is disquieted within me, and the fear of death is fallen upon me.

Then I said, O that I had wings like a dove, then would I fly away, and be at rest !

## ANTHEM SECOND.

Comfort ye, comfort ye my people, saith your God; speak ye comfortably to Jerusalem, and cry unto her, that her warfare is accomplished, that her iniquity is pardoned.

The voice of him that crieth in the wilderness, prepare ye the way of the Lord, make straight in the desert a high way for our God.

Every valley shall be exalted, and every mountain and hill made low, the crooked straight, and the rough places plain.

And the glory of the Lord shall be revealed, and all flesh shall see it together, for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it.

## ANTHEM THIRD.

Behold a virgin shall conceive, and bear a son, and shall call his name **EMANUEL**, *GOD WITH US*.

O thou that tellest good tidings to Zion, get thee up into the high mountain. O thou that tellest good tidings to Jerusalem, lift up thy voice with strength; lift it up, be not afraid; say unto the cities of Judah, behold your God! O thou that tellest good tidings to Zion, arise, shine, for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee.

## ANTHEM FOURTH.

There were shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flocks by night.

And lo! the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them, and they were sore afraid.

And the angel said unto them, fear not; for behold I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be unto all people; for unto you is born this day, in the city of David, a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord!

And suddenly there was with the angel, a multitude of the heavenly host, praising God, and saying,

Glory to God in the highest, and peace on earth, good-will towards men.

## ANTHEM FIFTH.

Thy rebuke hath broken his heart, he is full of heaviness: he looked for some to have pity

on him, but there was no man, neither found he any to comfort him.

Behold and see, if there be any sorrow like unto his sorrow.

Behold the Lamb of God, that taketh away the sins of the world.

ANTHEM SIXTH.

He was cut off out of the land of the living ; for the transgressions of my people was he stricken.

But thou didst not leave his soul in hell, nor didst thou suffer thy Holy One to see corruption.

Lift up your heads, O ye gates ; and be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors, and the King of Glory shall come in.

ANTHEM SEVENTH.

Behold I tell you a mystery : we shall not all sleep, but we shall all be changed in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trumpet.

The trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and we shall be changed. For this corruption must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality.

Since by man came death, by man came also the resurrection of the dead ; for as in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive.



## ANTHEM EIGHTH.

All thy works praise thee O Lord, and thy Saints give thanks unto thee. They shew the glory of thy kingdom and talk of thy power ; that thy power, thy glory, and mightiness of thy kingdom might be known unto Men. Thy kingdom is an everlasting kingdom, and thy dominion endureth throughout all ages.

The Lord upholdeth all such as fall, and lifteth up all those that are down. The eyes of all wait upon thee O Lord, and thou givest them their Meat in due Season.

Thou openest thine hand and fillest all things living with plenteousness.

## ANTHEM NINTH.

The Lord hath prepared his seat in Heaven, and his kingdom ruleth over all the earth. O praise the Lord ye angels of his, ye that excel in strength, ye that fulfil his Commandments, and hearken unto the voice of the Lord. O praise the Lord all ye his hosts, ye servants of his that do his pleasure ; O speak good of the Lord, all ye works of his in all places of his dominion. Praise thou the Lord O my soul, praise the Lord.

## ANTHEM TENTH.

Blessed be the Lord God of Israel, our Father for ever and ever. Thine O Lord is the greatness, and the power, and the glory, and the victory, and the majesty, for all that is

in the Heaven and the Earth are Thine. Thine is the Kingdom O Lord, and thou art exalted as head over all.

ANTHEM ELEVENTH.

Great God what do I see and hear,  
The end of things created.  
The Judge of Mankind, doth appear  
On clouds of glory seated.  
The trumpet sounds, the graves restore,  
The dead which they contained before.  
Prepare my soul to meet him.

ANTHEM TWELFTH.

*Grand Chorus.* HALLELUJAH! for the Lord  
God Omnipotent reigneth. The kingdom of  
this world is become the kingdom of our Lord,  
and of his Christ; and he shall reign for ever  
and ever.

King of Kings, and Lord of Lords!  
HALLELUJAH!

# SANCTUSES.

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## SANCTUS FIRST.

**L**ORD of all power and might, who art the author and giver of all good things, graft in our hearts the love of thy name; increase in us true religion; nourish us with all goodness, and of thy great mercy keep us in the same, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen. Hallelujah. Amen.

## SANCTUS SECOND.

I will wash my hands in innocency, O Lord, and so will I go to thine altar.

That I may shew the voice of thanksgiving; and tell of all thy wond'rous works.

## SANCTUS THIRD.

May the grace of Christ, our Saviour,

And the Father's boundless love,

With the Holy Spirit's favour,

Rest upon us from above.

May we close abide in union,

With each other and the Lord,

And possess in sweet communion,

Joys which earth cannot afford.

SANCTUS FOURTH.

O Lord, our Governor, how excellent is thy name in all the world ! Thou that hast set thy glory above the heavens.

SANCTUS FIFTH

My soul truly waiteth still upon God : for of him cometh my salvation.

SANCTUS SIXTH.

Holy, Holy, Holy Lord God Almighty, who was, and is, and is to come. Who shall not glorify thy name, for thou art holy, thou only art the Lord !

SANCTUS SEVENTH.

Thou shalt prepare a table before me, against them that trouble me. Thou hast anointed my head with oil, and my cup shall be full.

And thy loving kindness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life, and I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever and ever. Amen.

SANCTUS EIGHTH.

Vouchsafe, O Lord, to keep us this day without sin. O Lord, have mercy upon us.

O Lord, let thy mercy lighten upon us; as our trust is in thee.

O Lord, in thee have I trusted : let me never be confounded.

GLORIA PATRI.

Glory be to the Father, &c.

As it was in the beginning, &c.

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